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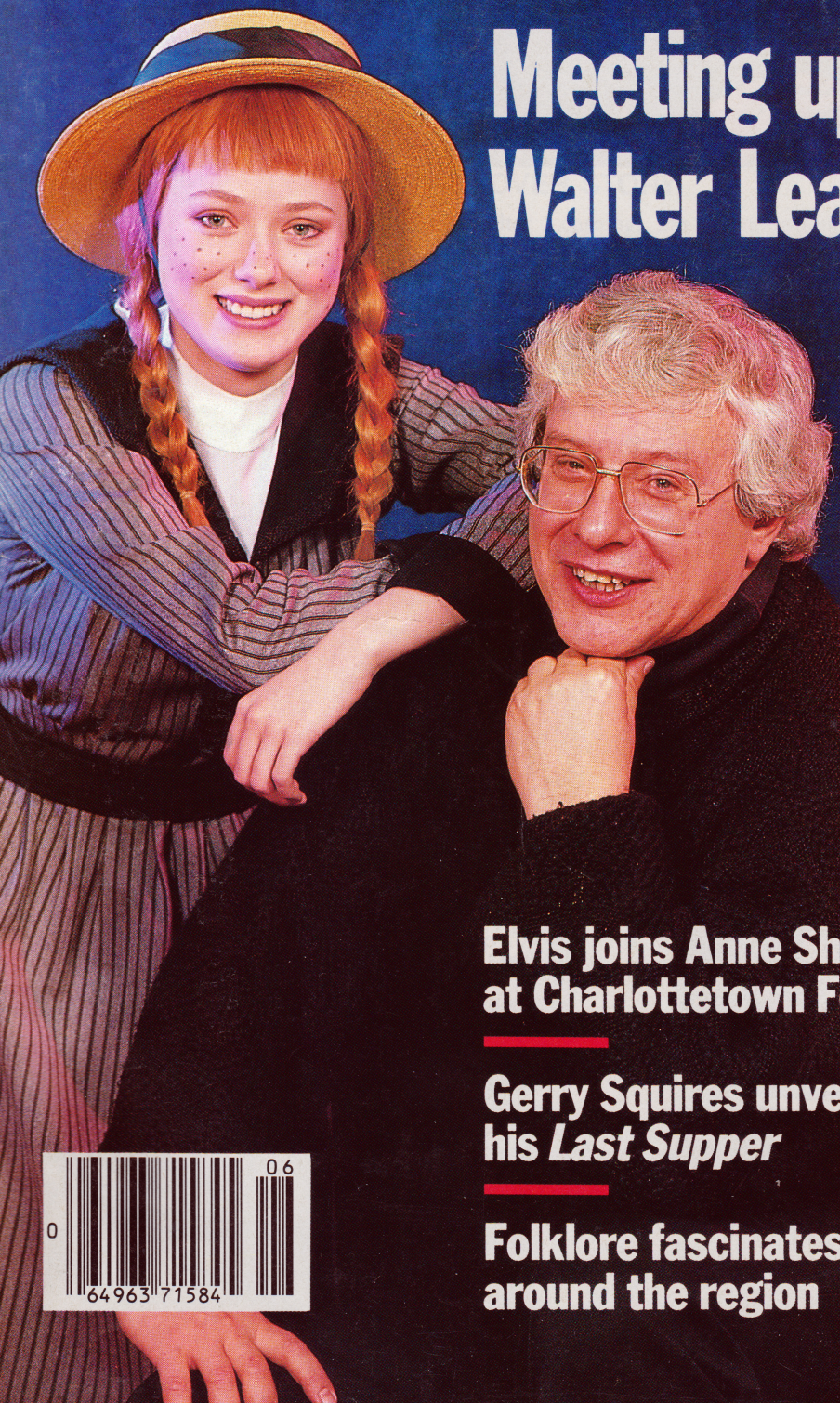
Atlantic Insight

ATLANTIC HERITAGE
Clans, rumrunning, Lucy Maud

Meeting up with Walter Learning



Elvis joins Anne Shirley at Charlottetown Festival

Gerry Squires unveils his *Last Supper*

Folklore fascinates around the region

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Atlantic Insight

JUNE 1987 Vol. 9 No. 6

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COVER STORY

Walter Learning, the Newfoundlander who became Theatre New Brunswick's first artistic director, is back in Atlantic Canada to take over Charlottetown's Confederation Centre of the Arts. A stormy start to his new job is only the latest controversy in his life. **PAGE 20**

COVER PHOTO BY WAYNE BARRETT

ART

Gerald Squires, another Newfoundlander who came back to his native land, has unveiled a new painting which depicts The Last Supper in the setting and with the flavor of his home province. The apostles have the faces of 12 of his friends. **PAGE 24**

FOOD

Rediscover rhubarb — the month of June's contribution to more than desserts. Its lively taste adds to new sweet and sour combinations of cool drinks or soups, chutneys and meat dishes. Sturdy rhubarb plants defy the climate and enthusiastic cooks. **PAGE 30**

HERITAGE

Many cultures make up the rich mosaic of the Atlantic region's heritage. This summer Scottish clans gather in Halifax, a brigade re-enacts 18th-century life in Saint John and the ancient craft of lace-making is revived in St. John's. Rum-running days gain new respect in the re-telling of exciting tales, and L.M. Montgomery is the real attraction in P.E.I. **PAGE 39**

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Rediscovering our roots

Last summer at a Halifax barbecue for booksellers and publishers from the region and Central Canada, I bumped into an acquaintance who has spent the last 15 years in Toronto. He is the senior manager of one of the country's major publisher-distributors.

Before coming to Nova Scotia last year he had spent a few days in New Brunswick, and he'd visited *Le Village Historique Acadien*, a "living museum" in Caraquet. There, to his amazement, he found his grandparents' house, which had been moved to the village from its original location and restored.

The idea that his personal family history had become part of the heritage of New Brunswick's Acadians touched him deeply. As someone who had left his home long ago and gone from a French-speaking background into the heart of English Canada, the price of moving on had been leaving his roots completely behind. Seeing his family home incorporated in a living museum which records the history of the Acadian people had given him a renewed sense of belonging to a community, to a distinct cultural group.

This chance encounter speaks volumes about the importance for us of the many examples we have of resources and activities which preserve and celebrate the heritage of Atlantic Canada — the subject of this month's feature section. The Acadian Village is one of four major "living museums" in the region — historical reconstructions where every summer whole towns provide settings for animators and guides to re-enact our history. All four — the others are New Brunswick's Kings Landing and Nova Scotia's Sherbrooke Village and Fortress Louisbourg — offer opportunities for summer visitors and those of us who live here to experience our rich heritage in immediate and intriguing ways.

Surprisingly, living museums like the Acadian Village and Fortress Louisbourg have something in common with Disneyland in the U.S. Much of the planning and technology and many of the skills utilized by highly profit-oriented commercial enterprises to celebrate the world of fantasy and make-believe are also used by our living museums.

Different regions and cultures, however, have different priorities: California has Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck; we have 18th-century French soldiers in the service of King Louis XV, 19th-century Acadian fishermen, Loyalist farmers and the tradespeople of a small Nova Scotia coastal town.

The wealth of history that we in the Maritimes and Newfoundland share is well represented in our heritage institutions: in our living museums, of course, but also in the other museums, large and small, which are found in almost every community in the region.

One of the great ironies in our situation is that our region is rich in heritage — but poor in mechanisms to generate awareness of this wealth. Governments spend millions every year financing the operating costs of the Acadian Village and the other living museums, but only pennies are available to tell residents and visitors alike about them.

At the most basic economic level, this is a foolish state of affairs. Why spend large amounts of money subsidizing the cost of operating a major seasonal museum like Kings Landing or Fortress Louisbourg with the capacity to handle two or three times the usual level of visitors, and then scrimp on the funds needed to bring those visitors to these attractions? Virtually everyone who comes to the Maritimes thinks they should see Peggy's Cove, which stands in most people's minds as the classic Atlantic Canadian fishing village.

Anyone from this region knows how widespread are the misunderstandings and stereotypes about Atlantic Canada and its people. One of the principal means of creating a better understanding of this part of Canada is to promote greater awareness of our rich heritage. The potential is there: a strong network of heritage resources and institutions — museums, buildings, family and community heirlooms, cultural events... What remains to be done is to strengthen the link between resources and audience.

How important this is to the sense Atlantic Canadians and others have of our unique identity came home to me in that chance encounter last summer. The fact that the family home of a Toronto executive by the name of Nelson Doucette has found its way to *Le Village Historique Acadien* has reinforced one man's awareness of his identity as an Acadian. He rediscovered his roots here, and — thanks to one of our heritage institutions — he's not going to forget that he shares, along with millions of other Canadians, a special relationship to this region. We should be ensuring that every summer hundreds of thousands of other people rekindle their connections to our past and our present.

— *James Lorimer*

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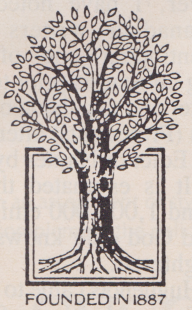

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FEEDBACK

New facts from a Coaker employee

I wish to present my credentials for the statements I would like to make on the article *William Coaker: Newfoundland's union hero* (April'87). I went to work with William Coaker in 1918. In 1922, I became his private secretary and held that position until he died in Boston. I married his niece, Ella Coaker, in 1929.

Leopold Way of Bonavista must have had a nightmare (dream) of Coaker wearing a silk suit in Jamaica. Coaker wore white linen suits in Jamaica, the same as 99 per cent of whites and blacks wore and had them washed. I wore the same kind of suit.

Coaker was selling salt codfish in Jamaica in 1927 from Jan. 6 to April 10. He sold 27,000 quintals (a quintal is 112 pounds). Prior to that year, the Trading Company only sold 1,500 quintals of salt codfish in Jamaica a year.

The retailing of salt codfish is done by Chines Grocery Stores all over Jamaica. The black boy Leopold Way referred to was 26 years old. He was recommended to Coaker as a guide by a white Jamaican, when we lived at Mrs. George's boarding-house on Southcamp Road.

He pointed out that it would be risky for two white strangers to be travelling the mountain roads visiting Chines Grocery Stores. We were also advised to carry a revolver. But Coaker said, "No firearms." Leopold Way was a political opponent of Coaker from 1918, during my time with him.

With these few corrections, Ron Crocker's article is a credit to him.

Aaron Bailey,
Port Union, Nfld.

The Huguenot holocaust

I would agree 100 per cent with Ralph Surette's column, *Denying the Holocaust* (April '87), and with his inclusion of the expulsion of the Acadians as an example of man's inhumanity to man.

However, I have noted that most French-Canadian writers studiously avoid mentioning one of the most devastating holocausts prior to Hitler, i.e. the slaughter and expulsion of the French Huguenots (Protestants) after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV in 1685. It is estimated that between 400,000 and 1,000,000 emigrated from France and God only knows how many were slaughtered.

Some Huguenots came to Nova Scotia with the German settlers of Lunenburg County (Boutiliers, Veinots, Theriaults etc.). I know for a fact that some of them suffered a subtle form of persecution even in Nova Scotia, not because they were Protestants but because they were French. Thus they were two-time losers.

I bring this to your attention with no malice towards the Acadians who suffered horribly. However, compare the numbers expelled with that of the Huguenots who left France and we are talking of just a little boat ride to Louisiana.

I might add that finally, in 1985, French President François Mitterand admitted that a mistake had been made, this to a Huguenot Commemoration Ceremony in Paris. Sadly, we are still awaiting a similar admission from the non-Protestant church.

C. H. Robart
Moncton, N.B.

The forgotten genocide

I read with great interest and sympathy Ralph Surette's column, *Denying The Holocaust: today's form of anti-Semitism* (April '87). Being a descendant of a nation that suffered the first genocide of the 20th century as a result of which 1.5 million Armenians under Turkish rule perished during 1915-1922, I was disheartened at Ralph Surette's failure to mention the Armenians together with the other victims of genocide. It is indeed a sad reality that while the Armenian genocide is one of the most documented it remains to be the most successful of all genocide...after all, it is the "Forgotten Genocide."

Hitler must have been most encouraged by the fate of the Armenians and by the deliberate lapse in memory of the Western governments when he asked, "After all, who remembers today the extermination of the Armenian?" as he was masterminding the Jewish Holocaust.

I concur with Surette that genocide and genocides and holocausts are not only facts of the past but haunting possibilities in our turbulent world. Remembering the victims is a responsibility for humanity and for the coming generations. Let us remember all victims of genocide, the Armenians included.

D. A. Malatjalian, M.D.
Halifax, N.S.

Viola Leger story worth a whole year's subscription

Your April issue is by far the best single issue of a Canadian magazine I have read in the past year. With few exceptions, every article focuses on a local or regional issue, but by virtue of insight makes each of them accessible and interesting to a broad national readership. And this is no mean feat!

I particularly liked Rick MacLean's article on Julius Israeli, Ron Crocker's on William Coaker, Julie V. Watson's on P.E.I. lamb and, as usual the cogent and legible columns by Ralph Surette, Harry Bruce and Ray Guy. But the highlight is your cover story by Sue Calhoun, on Viola Leger. Sensitive, informed, beautifully illustrated, it is an apposite tribute to a first-class actress, and the first-class author whose works have brought such recognition to Acadia, Antonine Maillet. It alone was well worth the price of a year's subscription.

L. E. Doucette
West Hill, Ont.

The Saidye Bronfman Centre thrives

In your April 1987 issue, writer Sue Calhoun claims, "In March 1979, La Sagouine premiered in English at the now defunct Saidye Bronfman Centre in Montreal," Cover Story, *La Sagouine: home to stay.*

Not only is the Saidye Bronfman Centre not defunct but it is thriving, having recently undergone $3 million in renovations, expanding its theatre from 270 seats to 390 seats. The centre, under the guidance of executive and artistic director Harry Gulkin, also houses one of Canada's most exciting exhibition spaces.

In the past at the SBC, Montrealers have enjoyed such plays of Maritime origin as Michael Cook's *The Head, Guts and Sound Bone Dance* as well as Antonine Maillet's *La Sagouine.* Theatregoers hope to receive more Maritime input at the SBC in future years.

Heather Solomon-Bowden
Greenfield Park, P.Q.

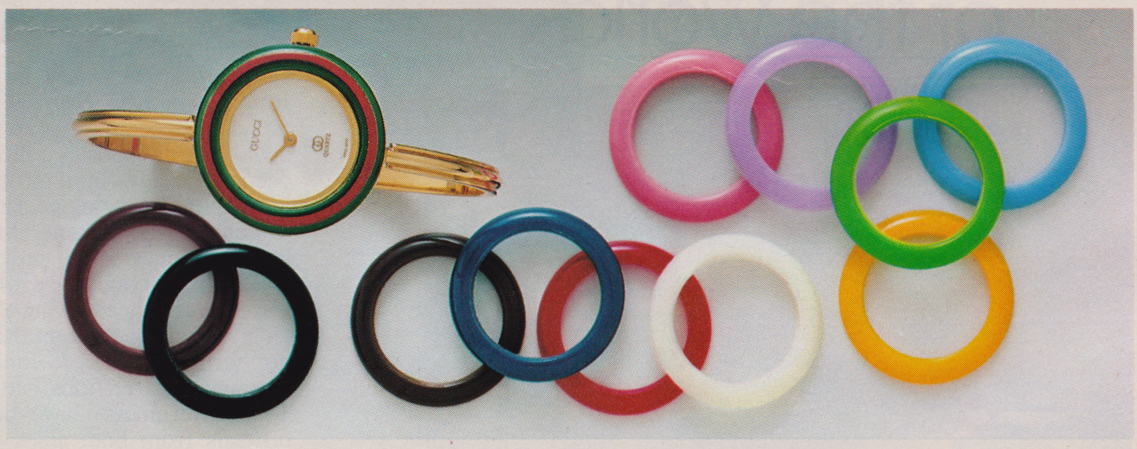
Vautour: not a social bum

I am writing in regard to the response rendered from your cover story *Jackie Vautour: Facing the future, remembering the past* (Feb. '87).

It is respectfully submitted that *A veteran on Vautour,* Feedback, (April '87) took a close-minded approach in calling Vautour a social bum. The attitude conveyed by this gentleman is indicative of most New Brunswickers. Furthermore, the chap that blamed the media for making Vautour a media hero overlooked the fact that without the media, he would never have heard of Jackie Vautour. In addition, Vautour was never convicted of pointing a firearm at anyone, therefore, he should not be accused of doing so.

I suggest that if these gentlemen, or anyone else, are interested in the facts of Jackie Vautour's battle, they take the liberty of visiting him as I did. Vautour was the subject of the term paper dealing with "social injustices" that I completed this term. I was able to have three viewpoints on the case: Vautour's, Vautour's lawyer's and the federal government's. After review of the facts it is obvious Vautour was "manhandled" by our supposed democratic system. The fact that his case led to a revamping of both New Brunswick's position on expropriation and the federal government's method of developing a National Park says it all.

John Dalton
Sackville, N.B.



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Newfoundland seeks "new deal" from Ottawa

Newfoundland's latest budget could be a formula for financial collapse unless a special arrangement with Ottawa is reached

by John Gushue

With the country's lowest per capita income, highest unemployment rate, worst credit rating and highest cost of living, Newfoundlanders have built up a strong tolerance for hearing bad news. So when Finance Minister John Collins prepared to deliver the 1987 budget in April, the province braced itself for the traditional bearing of bad tidings.

What came instead was a budget that few expected. Rather than trimming government expenditures to reduce the total estimated public debt of more than $4.3 billion, Collins put forward a budget with few cuts, and increases to but a handful of minor taxes and other charges.

The news, however, was far from good. Collins painted a financial picture so bleak, he virtually came within a breath or two of announcing the economic collapse of the province. To help pay for this year's $2.28-billion budget, the Progressive Conservative government projects it will escalate the deficit by an additional $172 million, on grounds that Newfoundlanders cannot afford a cut in services or a hike in general taxes. Collins also said the province's programs as they stand barely meet Canada-wide standards.

The most alarming element of the budget speech, though, was a distinctive plea for a so-called "new deal" with the federal government. Although few details of this approach for Ottawa's help were announced, Collins repeatedly noted that Newfoundland is faring little better now, in relative terms, than when it joined Confederation in 1949.

With per capita earned income still at about half of the Canadian average and federal spending in the province unexpectedly below par, Collins concluded, "We are not truly sharing in the fundamental benefits of Canadian nationhood as fully as other provinces are. After 38 years, we remain the archetypical have-not province."

Few have questioned Premier Brian Peckford's repeated claim that Newfoundland's economy is in desperate shape, especially considering the failures of the inshore fishery, prolonged delays in offshore oil development and the still-lingering effects of the recent recession. All of which, according to Collins, have "swept over our fragile economy with destructive force."

However, the new government tactic to appeal for emergency yet long-term aid from Ottawa — while driving up its own provincial debt in hopes of help coming through — has bewildered many observers, and worried others. Reaction to the budget speech has varied from sympathy to outrage; Opposition members of the provincial house of assembly quickly characterized the budget as a Tory admission of an inability to solve the province's deeply set financial woes.

The government feels otherwise, citing the historically weak economy as a problem too great for one government to solve. By approaching Ottawa for a new deal — while chastising the conditions of current arrangements — the budget speech typifies the new Peckford strategy to garner economic gains while improving the Conservatives' currently shaky standing among the electorate.

Indeed, Peckford has marked the most recent stage of his administration with startling assessments of the province's situation. In February he told the St. John's *Sunday Express* that Newfoundland's economy is so threatened, it could lose its status as a province — and become Canada's third territory — unless a new joint financing package was found to replace the system Ottawa uses to transfer money to the provinces.

The prediction came while Peckford was vehemently attacking a controversial federal decision to grant fishing rights to northern cod stocks to French trawlers. Estranged as relations between the two Tory governments have been, though, officials from both sides have met on several occasions in recent months, presumably to discuss a new financing deal. The items of public interest on the bargaining table are, of course, not in the public eye. "At the moment, most of that is confidential," says Peckford aide, Frank Petten.

Collins says the Newfoundland government is critical mostly of entrenched financing arrangements, and in this regard has few bones to pick with the Brian Mulroney government. "Since Confederation, there was an under-

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standing that economic development would be brought up to Canadian standards,"says Collins. "Despite many efforts made in that regard, we're not making any headway. We're not achieving the results that were looked to in 1949," says Collins.

While details of the federal-provincial meetings are not known, recent announcements such as the April budget speech indicate the province is looking for more federal spending in the province, and, on a more complex level, some sort of financing structure that accounts for Newfoundland's unique economic and geographic problems. Senior Treasury Board official Gilbert Gill said in an interview that the government has been using a "two-pronged approach for assistance" from Ottawa.

While asking for help on large economic and industrial projects — such as hastening development of the Hibernia oil field — the Peckford government is also looking for a need-based system for determining federal transfers. At the same time, his government wants a new, comprehensive regional economic development policy quickly established.

However, members of the local business community are skeptical. John V. O'Dea, president of the St. John's Board of Trade, says his association is concerned about the risks the new budget presents. Noting that the per capita public debt is now about $8,000 per person,

RAY FENNELLY

Collins:"... not sharing in nationhood"

O'Dea says, "I'm very concerned about the burden for future Newfoundlanders that this provincial budget is asking them to bear." He says local businesses are disappointed that the government hasn't lowered the province's 12 per cent sales tax, the country's highest.

"Every province has a case for more money from the federal government," says Liberal Newfoundland MP George Baker (Gander/Twillingate). "Peckford needs to blame somebody, so he's pinning the problem on the federal government."

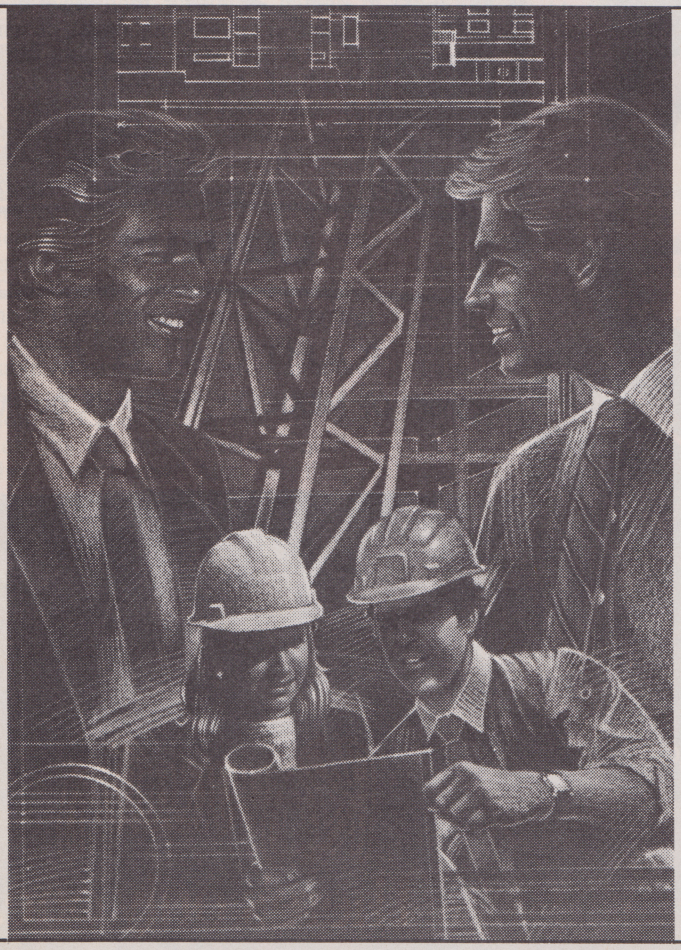
Provincial New Democratic leader Peter Fenwick accused the government of "buying time until the next election" by not dealing directly with a surging deficit. "You can't just throw these things in the lap of the feds and hope they'll catch them," says Fenwick, calling the attempt to reach a new package with Ottawa to cover the deficit "a reckless gamble."

"If this doesn't work, the people who have to pick up the mess are going to have some problem. We have no guarantee that next year will be any better, and if it isn't then we'll be in serious, serious trouble," Fenwick says.

Baker suspects the talk of a "new deal" may be mostly a political stunt. "Peckford needs some good fed-bashing to get him through, but I think everyone has been turned off by the Conservatives at this point. You can't get a special deal out of the federal government. Everyone knows that, and Peckford knows it too," he says.

"Academically, yes, Ottawa has a responsibility to help," says Doug May, a Memorial University economist. "But at the same time, they're trying to deal with their own deficit. It's a tough environment to go into. They're going to have to be pretty convincing."

Peckford will not only have to convince a restraint-conscious government in Ottawa that Newfoundland's case is uniquely desperate, but also the remainder of Canadian provinces, most of whom are also anxious for more federal dollars.



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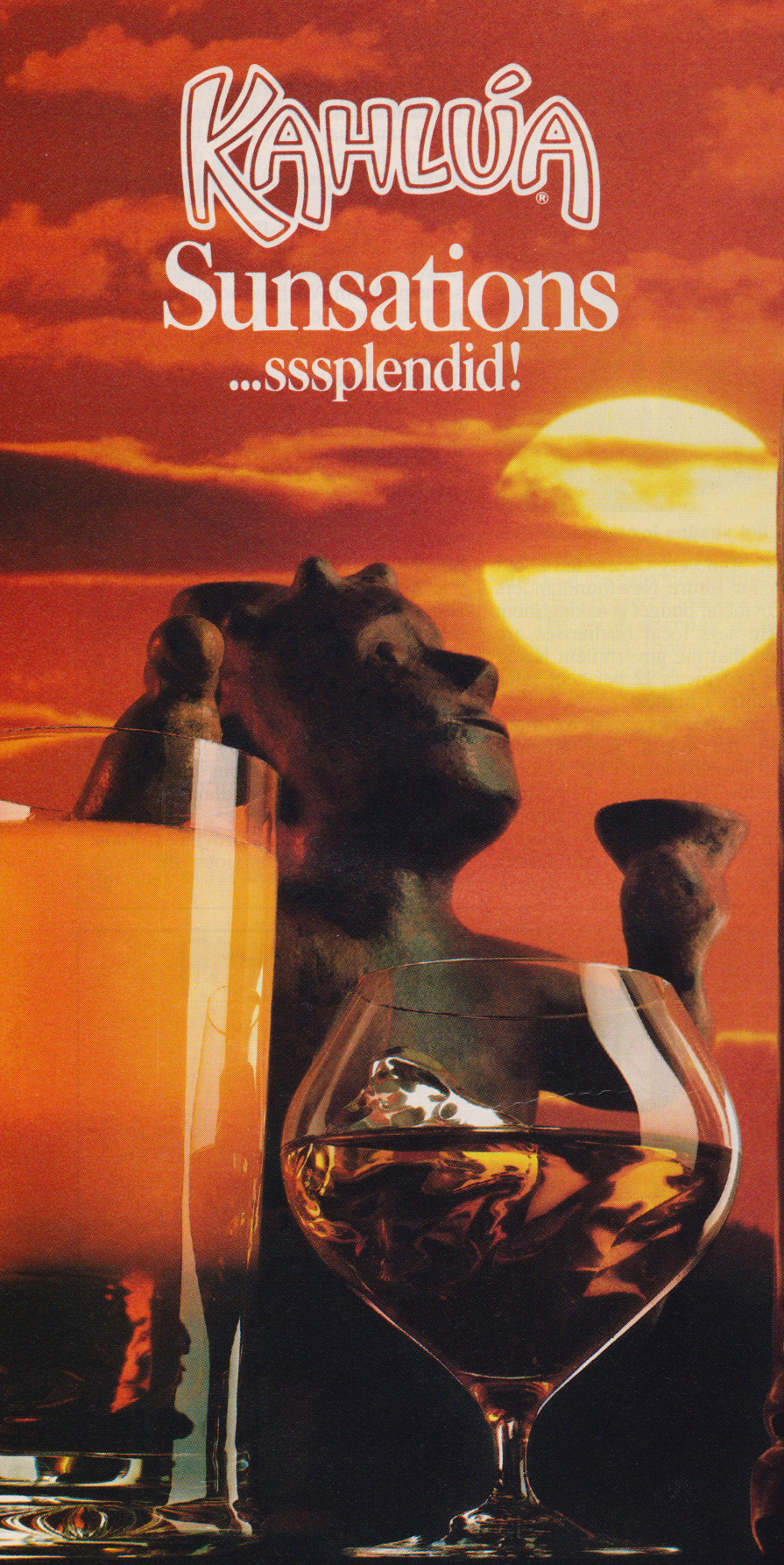

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Odds are against casino in Cape Breton communities

Playing games of chance for money is gambling by most definitions, but the Nova Scotia government has its own rules

by Hal Dornadic

Webster's dictionary defines gambling as "playing a game of chance for money"...that's the perfect description of a bingo game you might see anywhere in the province. Men, women and children gather in smoky halls or church basements, sometimes several times a week, in the hopes of coming home with prizes ranging from a few dollars to several thousand dollars.

For some, it's a harmless pastime that means a night out or a break in the monotony of the daily routine. For others, it's an obsession. There are other examples of gambling that are so common they're rarely thought of as such. Lotteries, and even-split tickets for sports and church organizations are also forms of gambling, each with its own degree of acceptance.

Yet even with all these games of chance on the go, any attempt to organize a casino-style gambling system is usually met with heavy opposition. In the last year and a half, there have been two serious attempts at establishing such a venture in Cape Breton. Both efforts have failed, despite some obvious merits. Some observers feel that there is a contradiction in this situation that begs explanation.

The idea of establishing a gambling casino in Cape Breton is not new. Its location is ideal for taking advantage of the valuable American and European tourist markets. Last year, tourists spent $150 million in Cape Breton and, in some circles, it's felt that a casino would be another "tourist draw." Also, over the past three years, there has been a sharp increase in cruise ship traffic to Sydney Harbour. These factors have added to the enthusiasm of potential casino developers.

One of those would-be developers is Jim Inch, Sr., a restaurant owner in Glace Bay. Inch says he was encouraged to look into the casino project by the federal department of regional industrial expansion (DRIE). In 1985, former DRIE Minister Sinclair Stevens, said the department would be willing to provide financial assistance for certain ventures in job-hungry Cape Breton. One of those ventures listed was "gaming facilities." However, DRIE said it wouldn't get involved until the project had the approval of both the province and the municipality of Glace Bay.

That brought Inch to the Glace Bay town council in March of 1986. He said he was promoting the idea mainly because it would employ several hundred people directly and benefit the whole island indirectly through economic spin-offs. He said all he wanted from the town was a serviced lot of land and council's endorsement of the project.

By this time though, the community was reacting to the plan. There were cries of opposition claiming that gambling would bring "organized crime" to Glace Bay. The most vocal lobby against the proposal came from church groups who held strategy meetings to formulate ways to fight the plan. They also formed committees to keep an eye on council's handling of the situation and wrote letters of protest to town council. When Jim Inch saw the amount of opposition, particularly from the religious community, he decided to let the proposal drop. Even now, more than a year later, Glace Bay town council still gets letters opposing the project.

A more recent attempt to start a gambling centre in Cape Breton sparked controversy in the town of Sydney Mines. Lawyer and businessman Nash Brogan went to town council in early February with a $5-million plan for a family entertainment centre anchored around a 40-unit motel and a 20,000-square-foot gambling casino. Brogan said he would split any profits, which he expected to top $230,000 in the first year of operation, with the town.

Recalling the controversy raised by the Glace Bay proposal just a year earlier, Sydney Mines council decided the best approach to the idea would be a plebiscite to find out the wishes of the citizens. Once again, opposition was swift. Phone calls to the mayor, to individual councillors and to the town hall, along with protest letters and personal contact with town officials were so heavy that council killed the idea of even having a plebiscite, putting an end to Brogan's project.

However, municipal approval of such ventures would only be academic. The provincial government of the day, as a matter of policy, refuses to grant licences for casinos. The Brogan attempt in Sydney Mines prompted the minister responsible for the lotteries act, Greg Kerr, to say, "We know both morally and ethically, the people of Nova Scotia at this particular time in history, don't want legalized gambling in their province, and we are going to continue to turn those things down."

But the statistics conflict with that attitude. There are 450 licensed bingo games operating in Nova Scotia. Last year, sport, culture and recreation groups applied for 3,600 temporary gambling licences for fund-raising projects that raised more than $1 million in revenue.

The Atlantic Lottery Corporation, an inter-provincial agency of the four Atlantic Provinces, had sales last year of $150 million. Ticket sales in Nova Scotia generated $67 million, the highest total of the four provinces.

MICHAEL CREAGEN

Bingo is a pastime or an obsession

The acting executive-director of the Nova Scotia Lottery Commission, Clyde Horner, says bingo games and ticket sales for fund-raising projects are "legal" because they are run by non-profit organizations — except for eight "commerical" bingo games that were operating before the commission existed — and, they pay two per cent of the total prize money to the province as a "licensing fee."

The Atlantic Lottery ticket sales are "legal" because the lottery corporation is a government agency.

But, whether Nova Scotians spend a dollar a month on an "A-Plus" ticket, or lose their week's pay in a poker game, according to the dictionary, it's still gambling. And it seems likely that this is a controversy that won't go away as long as the province's definition of gambling appears somewhat fuzzy to those who see a gambling casino as a positive economic addition to Cape Breton Island.

DICK WILBUR

Unemployment resulting from the closure of the Star–Kist plant will be an election issue.

Bellwether riding hedges bets

As an election looms, Charlotte County's special characteristics suggest an unexpected result — a tight finish

by Dick Wilbur

New Brunswick will have a provincial election this year and with the campaign looming, pundits look for that ideal constituency — the one that contains many of the key issues. In New Brunswick, that's Charlotte County because it's rarely on the losing side.

Located in the southwest corner next door to Maine, Charlotte County contains many of the characteristics of New Brunswick as a whole, with the major missing component being a strong French factor. It's expected that this time around, language will be a non-issue although it flared up in 1986 at public forums called to discuss the many recommendations of the task force on official languages. All politicians hastily backed away from this minefield after angry confrontations, mostly in predominantly English communities. The outbursts occurred in Charlotte County too, even without the significant French component.

But election issues this time around are more likely to be of the bread-and-butter variety. Economic issues are of concern in all sectors — to those who work for an employer, to those who run independent businesses and especially to those who are unemployed.

In common with other areas of the province, Charlotte County has a big Irving presence: the Lake George Paper Company, a large lumber mill at Pennfield, plus access to great swaths of timberland. The J. D. Irving Company was one of 10 big operators given responsibility for administering cutting rights on Crown lands under terms of the 1980 Forestry Act.

The "Big Ten" were supposed to buy a certain percentage of their wood from private woodlot owners. To some extent and in some areas they have, but the system hasn't worked well. In Charlotte, the local woodlot owners are reluctant to sign cutting deals because they feel the Irving price is too low.

The McCains are well established in Charlotte too. Huge trucks from their Day & Ross subsidiary work out of the small port of Bayside, about 15 kilometres from St. Andrews.

Bayside was built originally to handle tuna that for 20 years was trucked up a very steep hill to a now-famous processing plant. Star-Kist was one of the mainstays of Charlotte County's economy until CBC-TV's *the fifth estate* turned it into a household word in what many Charlotte County residents still refer to as "misreporting." The local perception is that the CBC, and the department of fisheries and oceans' bureaucratic stonewalling closed the plant and sent 450 men and women into the arms of the Unemployment Insurance Commission.

The sad story of Star-Kist ranks with the CN Shops closure in Moncton as the most dramatic and most visible signs of southern New Brunswick's "hurting economy." Both issues will plague all political hopefuls as the campaigning heats up.

Free trade is another issue of contention. Premier Richard Hatfield is for free trade, yet one of Charlotte County's economic jewels, the 115-year-old Ganong candy factory at St. Stephen, is ill-equipped to compete with American candy manufacturers if the tariffs are removed or cut.

That's the view of Ganong's chief executive officer, David Ganong, past-president of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council and a strong Atlantic Canada Plus booster. (It may not be shared by his fellow townsfolk and countless other New Brunswickers who remain so tied to the U.S. economy that many in border communities buy their weekly groceries and much of their alcohol on the American side.)

During Hatfield's greatest time of troubles two years ago, political "experts" said he and the Conservatives would be wiped out whenever he called an election. Now they're not so certain. The present political situation in Charlotte County may explain that uncertainty.

Currently represented by three Tories (including two cabinet ministers) and a lone Liberal, Charlotte voters seem to be increasingly undecided.

Tory Bob Jackson, the St. Stephen contractor, has been getting good media exposure because of his prompt handling of environmental issues like gas line leaks. The same goes for James Tucker, who's been gaining ground since he took over the fisheries portfolio from Jean Gauvin of Shippagan. The county's single Liberal, Sheldon Lee, has been a popular representative and seems assured of re-election.

The fourth seat in Charlotte County is up for grabs, now that veteran cabinet minister, Leland McGaw, is retiring and there are many aspirants to be his successor. One of the most well known is Bev Lawrence, mayor of St. Andrews; he'd like to take the seat for the Liberals.

In spite of growing popularity in some areas, the NDP won't be a factor in Charlotte County.

The issues in Charlotte are repeated throughout the province. Number one is unemployment: which party is more likely to get the Star-Kist workers back to their cutting tables? Which can do more to ease the trauma caused by the CN Shops closure in Moncton?

The second issue is patronage — a positive word for most New Brunswickers. Which party can do more for our area? Does Hatfield have any clout left in Ottawa, after being involved in controversies involving federal politicians and the prime minister's office?

In Charlotte County, observers feel that voters will hedge their bets and give each of the old parties two members. Translated across the province, this means another cliff-hanger — the kind that Richard Hatfield has faced and won before.

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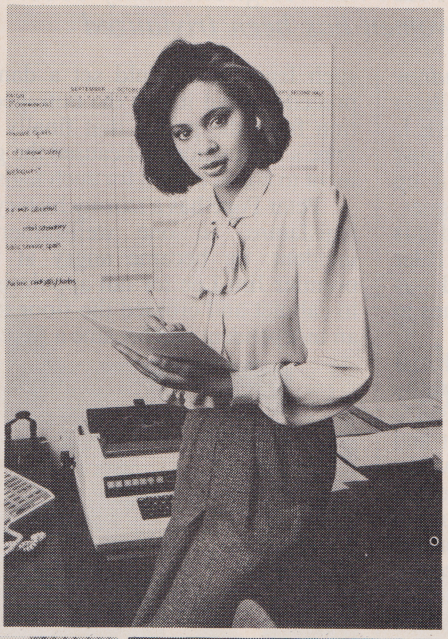

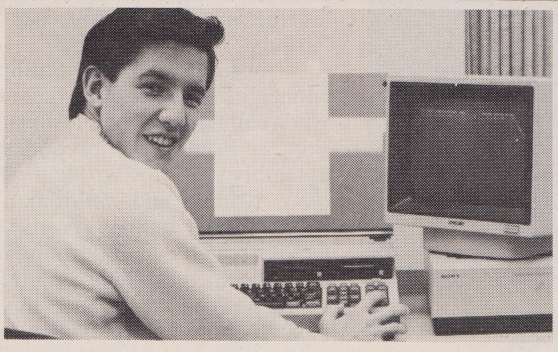
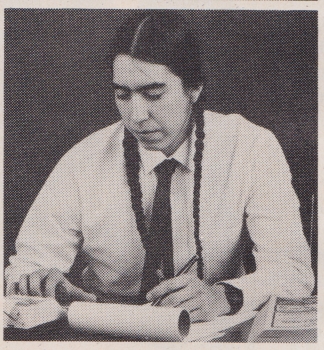

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Canada Challenge '87

Lenient sentence for Pope: a case of too little, too late

Although the controversial MLA has resigned, many observers fear that violence against women has been trivialized

by Barbara MacAndrew

At the time of Confederation, William H. Pope was the gadfly of the P.E.I. legislature who delighted in using his newspaper, *The Islander,* to stir up scandal among his legislative colleagues. When that same legislature opened this spring, William's direct descendant, Peter Pope, was not in his usual seat and was the subject of a scandal that continues to have repercussions.

Peter Pope admitted in provincial court on Dec. 17 to seizing a woman by the hair and punching her eight times. He pled guilty to the charge of assault and was fined $800. By Feb. 12, two weeks before the legislature was to open, he had refused to resign his seat and had caused a split in his own Progressive Conservative caucus. In what was seen around the province as a women's issue, the two women MLAs in his party held different views. Interim leader Leone Bagnall defended Pope's right to retain his seat and former speaker Marion Reid demanded that he go. Other Tories were silent on the issue, while Liberal premier Joe Ghiz suggested that resignation was the only honorable route but refrained from taking a strong stand.

Pope finally submitted his resignation — from Florida — one day before the spring session of the legislature opened. He did so only after it became apparent that public opinion was overwhelmingly against him and that the controversy surrounding his actions and the leniency of his sentence was not going to blow over.

The issue of MLAs resigning for legal or ethical reasons has come up in several instances lately, the most highly publicized being the case of Billy Joe MacLean in Nova Scotia. (After MacLean pled guilty to falsifying his expense claims, the government passed legislation expelling him from both the legislature and the Tory party and removing his right to run again for five years. The five-year ban was subsequently struck down by the courts, MacLean ran and won in a byelection and now sits as an independent.)

In P.E.I., there is no legislation to deal with such a case and Premier Ghiz said the Tory caucus should handle the problem as it saw fit. NDP leader Jim Mayne said caution should be exercised because such legislation could set a dangerous precedent, but it was the outraged reaction from the public that finally forced Pope's resignation and caused the government to admit a need for such legislation.

Peter Pope has a stormy history in the legislature. In one well-remembered incident, he became angry at former premier Jim Lee for not appointing him to cabinet and crossed the floor to sit as an independent and became a fierce critic

BRIAN SIMPSON

Pope resigned in wake of controversy

of Lee's government. Popular in his own riding, he was lured back before the last election with the promise of a cabinet post and rejoined his old caucus.

His current problems began on Sept. 6 last fall. Pope was charged with assault causing bodily harm to which he pled guilty. Along with the $800 fine, he was put on probation, ordered to refrain from drinking, and to enrol in alcoholism treatment sessions. He was also ordered to pay the victim of the assault $575 to make up for the week's pay she lost because of the beating. The Crown announced that it would not appeal the sentence, even after widespread criticism of what was seen as a lenient sentence.

Following his court appearance, Pope read a prepared statement to reporters: "I apologize to the people who voted for me," he said, in part, "and to the woman I assaulted. I feel truly sorry and am now undergoing treatment for a drinking problem."

With a few exceptions — those who called for forgiveness in the Christian tradition — open-line shows, letters to editors and editorials called for Pope's immediate resignation. The chairperson of the P.E.I. Advisory Council on the Status of Women, Diane Porter issued a statement expressing shock at the leniency of the sentence. "We ask for Mr. Pope's resignation immediately," she said, "because people who commit violent acts toward women are not fit representatives."

Lawyer Delores Crane concurred. "This sordid crime and the leniency toward its perpetrator has added to public cynicism about corruption in politics," she said. She feels that a double standard still exists which works in favor of those with political or social clout and that an "ordinary Islander" wouldn't have received such gentle treatment. "The sad old tale of women-beating is alive and well in Canada," she said. "Many people still believe that if a man beats a woman, she must have deserved it. And women, or women's groups who criticize such a crime are still described as 'shrill' or 'strident.' "

Clinical psychologist Phillip Smith of Montague presented further arguments when calling for Pope's resignation. "Mr. Pope's continued presence in the assembly sends the wrong message to all men, women and children. There's a danger that it implies a sense of acceptability which can undermine the efforts of women struggling to reject such behavior. The handling of this case has made some women who have been coping with violence believe it's somehow their fault if they're beaten."

But while several organizations representing women's interests continued to speak out strongly on the case, several members of the Tory caucus continued to defend Peter Pope, both privately and publicly. In fact, the chairperson of the provincial party was quoted as saying that legally, Pope's crime is not considered as serious as Billy Joe MacLean's. Many of his former colleagues say they will support Pope should he decide to run, either in a byelection or in the next general election.

And so, the next move is apparently going to be up to the people. Although Pope claims the support of his constituency, and has always been a popular figure in his home town, it remains to be seen where the voters of Summerside stand on this most controversial issue.

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The final taboo: one of four women is a victim

As more cases of incest are becoming public, there's a shift from caring for the victims to dealing with the abusers

by Sue Calhoun

It was the most sensational trial New Brunswickers had seen for some time. Dale Richard Pelkey, a 44-year-old school bus driver from Four Falls in the northwest of the province, was on trial in Fredericton in January for attempting to murder his daughter, Rosalie. He had planted a bomb in the 26-year-old woman's car last summer. It went off in a Fredericton parking lot when she switched on the radio.

During the trial, Rosalie testified that her father had been having sex with her since she was 11 years old. Two weeks before the bombing, Rosalie had moved in with her boyfriend, and put an end to the sexual relationship with her father. The prosecution argued Dale Pelkey was not only a domineering father, but also a jealous lover who couldn't stand to see his daughter with another man. Incest was established as the motive for the attempted murder. Dale Pelkey was found guilty, and was sentenced to 20 years in prison.

It was an extreme incident, but it brought to light something that is, unfortunately, becoming all too common. Sexual abuse of children, and particularly incest, is making the headlines almost every day. It's now estimated that one in four Canadian women have some uncomfortable sexual encounter with a family member during childhood. Corporal Lillian Ulsh, supervisor of the Victim Witness Unit of the Fredericton Police Department, who worked with Rosalie to help her testify, has seen her sexual abuse caseload increase from five cases in 1983 to three to five cases per week today.

Greg Brown, a mental health counsellor with the department of health and community services in Woodstock, says the number of arrests and convictions for sexual abuse in his part of the province in recent years has been "overwhelming." At one point last year, there were 15 inmates in the Woodstock Detention Centre all charged with sexual abuse of children. "The need to do something for them was obviously there," says Brown.

That's why he, along with justice department worker Bruce Hendry, started a joint pilot project between their two departments to provide group therapy for child sexual abusers. Some members of the group are still incarcerated; some are on probation, but all are ordered by the courts to participate in treatment. It's the only program of its kind in New Brunswick, and probably in the Maritimes, and is being watched closely by provincial government departments in New Brunswick as a possible solution to the growing number of pedophiles coming out of jail.

A few years ago, groups in Moncton and Saint John pioneered group treatment for wife batterers because they realized providing more and more transition houses for the victims was only a stopgap solution. Now, experts are beginning to realize the same principle is true for those who abuse children.

The pilot project in Woodstock is unique, but it started almost out of necessity. Faced with the prospect of doing individual counselling with 15 sex offenders, Brown and Hendry knew they had to find another solution. They spent the next six months reviewing literature, before they eventually decided on group therapy last August. Originally, they thought the weekly sessions should last for six months; now they expect to continue with the same group for 18 months to two years.

The group operates basically on the Alcoholics Anonymous model. Compared to individual counselling (which is a long slow process, says Brown, because the individual tends to deny why he's there), treatment in a group works because everyone has the same problem.

Brown says group members are all lonely isolated individuals who have problems establishing relationships with adults. "They choose children because they don't fit in anywhere else. Children are smaller, and can be manipulated." The majority have themselves been sexually abused as children. Those most difficult to work with are the ones convicted of incest. "A guy can always rationalize that the little girl down the street shouldn't have dressed so provocatively. The myth of 'jail bait.' But when it's your own daughter, there's much more shame involved," says Brown.

Since 1984, 29 men in the Woodstock court area (which extends as far as Perth-Andover, near the town where, coincidentally, Dale Pelkey lived) have been convicted on 58 charges of sexual assault, gross indecency and incest. Crown prosecutor Jeffrey Mockler says the conviction rate in his area has been 90 per cent on such charges. "We don't lose when the victim is a child. When you bring a ten-year-old into court, and she gets into graphic description, the judge tends to believe she didn't make it up. The court is more prepared to accept the testimony of a ten-year-old than a 20-year-old," he says.

Despite the rash of recent cases,

GEOFFREY GAMMON

Greg Brown (l.) and Bruce Hendry provide group therapy for child sexual abusers

Brown doesn't believe his town is different from any small town in the Maritimes, or indeed, in Canada. "There's a lot of seasonal work here, a lot of poverty. Deviance does occur," he says. He also doesn't believe that sexual abuse of children is increasing; it's just more likely that it will become public. And publicity has a "domino" effect. "One person is charged; another says, 'that happened to me too,' and goes to the police," he says.

Susan Nind agrees. A counsellor with Family Enrichment in Fredericton, she says that the kind of publicity generated by the Pelkey trial, for example, always results in more calls to her agency. "People realize they're not alone, that they're not the only one living with this kind of thing."

Indeed, belief that she was the "only one" is what kept Rosalie Pelkey silent about the relationship with her father for 15 years. At the trial, she testified that her mother had caught the two of them in bed when she was only 11, but her mother didn't say anything; instead, she sent Rosalie away to stay with an aunt for three weeks. Knowing that her mother knew, but wouldn't help, made Rosalie believe the fault was her own. "I thought that there must have been something I was doing to cause it. I always used to think I could stop it, but I never could come up with an answer. And I didn't know who I could tell," she said during an interview after the trial was over.

Nind says it's not unusual for women to keep silent about such an experience. Nor is it unusual for the mother of the victim to say nothing. "These women almost unconsciously assess the situation as a no-win situation, and decide it's best not to do anything. I think we as a society have collaborated in the belief that women suffer, that women put up with, and this is just one more example," she says. It's also true that both wives and daughters have not usually been considered blameless in such cases. Other experts point out that women whose husbands have been abusing their daughters often have no means of supporting themselves and have not been socialized to be on their own. It becomes necessary for survival, therefore, to block out the knowledge of what's happening within the family.

Greg Brown admits that treatment of sexual offenders is only in the beginning stages. In his research, he could uncover only four other places in Canada where group therapy is being done with them. His boss, Peter Alderman, executive director of the mental health and social services sector of New Brunswick's department of health and community services, says the feedback from the pilot project, both from the participants and the therapists, has been good, though the project has yet to prove itself. Still, Brown is optimistic. He says, "This could be the way to go. From our experience, it's more effective."

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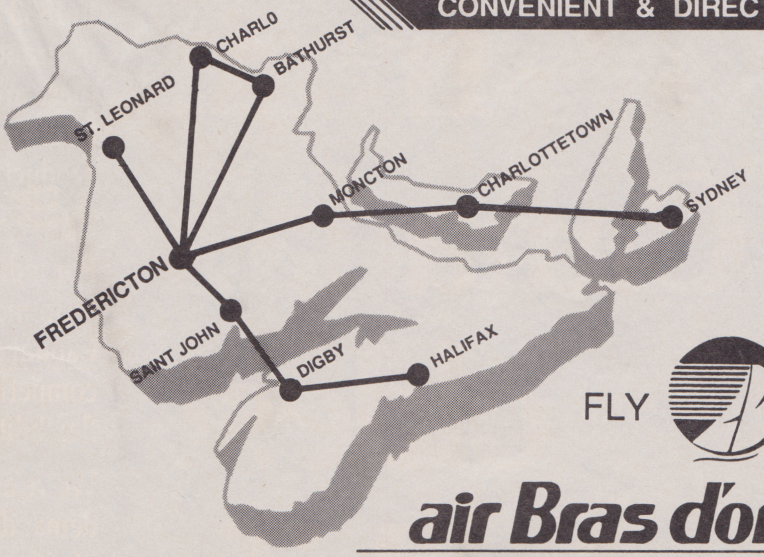

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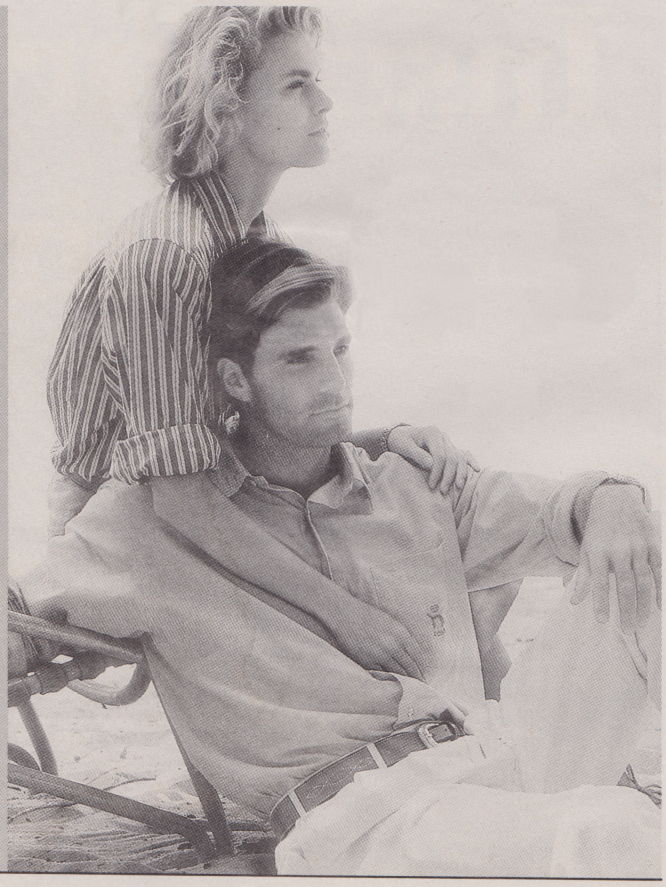

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CREIGHTON COLLECTION, PANS

Creighton collects folklore music and stories on a tape recorder in 1952

Folklore: endless in its variety

It's arduous to collect and much of it has been lost but Atlantic Canada's folklore continues to fascinate

by David Holt

During long winter nights, before the advent of radio and television, people gathered around story-tellers who could make them laugh, or tremble with fear — entertainers such as Emile Benoit, a bilingual raconteur from the Port-au-Port Peninsula in western Newfoundland. Late in life, Benoit took his violin and his songs and stories to the stages and bars of St. John's. But to fully appreciate his art, it's best to hear Benoit *chez lui* — at a social gathering on the peninsula.

"I once heard Emile tell a long folk tale — in French — about a poker player who won so often and got so rich that no one would play with him," recalls Gerald Thomas, PhD. "One day the gambler says, 'I would play with the devil himself.' A stranger appears — really the devil in disguise — and the two begin a long game of poker. Eventually the man loses everything to the devil, and he starts out on a long quest to recover what he has lost."

As head of the folklore department at Memorial University of Newfoundland, Thomas already knew the plot. "Emile's is a modern version of a pre-Christian story — at least 3,000 years old — about a man who sells himself to an ogre as payment for a gambling debt."

Helen Creighton, a pioneer in the study of Canadian folklore, recalls an Acadian version of the Cinderella story, which she heard in Pubnico on Nova Scotia's French Shore. "This version goes much further than the English one," Creighton says. "In this case, after Cinderella is married, she lives happily for a time, but then her husband goes off to war. She has to return to live with her stepmother. The husband has given Cinderella a bell, which is hidden by the stepmother. Eventually, Cinderella finds the bell and is happily reunited with her husband."

The Cinderella story, in fact, may be one of the oldest, most widely told of all folk tales. According to Clary Croft, curator of the Creighton collection at the Public Archives of Nova Scotia, "Versions of this story have been recorded in German, Gaelic, Inuit and Japanese."

While folklore is endless in its variety, folklorists are adept at sifting out shared interests, themes and plots. Within the Atlantic Provinces, there are threads linking folklore derived from many European nations, from native peoples and Blacks, and from centuries of living close to the land and sea.

Yet it was not until the 20th century that a small group of folklorists set out to systematically record the oral traditions. And it wasn't until much later — perhaps as late as the 1960s — that public appreciation of this legacy became widespread.

One reason for the lack of interest may have been the arduous nature of collecting: logging many hours in remote villages, knocking on strangers' doors and pursuing false leads. When Creighton began collecting folk songs in Nova Scotia in the 1930s, she carted a bulky wooden harmonium in a wheelbarrow to use in figuring the melodies. By the late '40s she had replaced the harmonium (an organ with hand bellows) with a tape recorder.

"Collecting takes a tremendous amount of patience," says Creighton, who, at age 87, is the dean of Atlantic folklorists. "Sometimes I'd get there too late — the memory had gone. Usually I was just in time. Radio was beginning to take over."

Ironically, the technological revolution which produced the tape recorder may mean the end of many kinds of folk narrative. With radio and television available in the most remote communities, local singers and story-tellers are no longer depended on for entertainment.

One reason for the delay in the appreciation of Canada's folk heritage may have been the unsympathetic attitude of the "Anglo-Canadian majority." According to theoretician Carole Carpenter, this negative view originated with the British middle and upper classes of the 19th century, who considered folk roots "inferior and obsolete." Carpenter also blames Canada's "colonial mentality," which has often looked beyond its own borders for cultural inspiration.

CREIGHTON COLLECTION, PANS

Creighton, Croft: patience

Yet folklore is an invaluable — and universal — commodity. In the jargon of the folklore trade, each person belongs to a "folk group" within a "folk culture."

"Folklore keeps people together by providing a sense of identity," explains Clary Croft, who started in this field by singing folk songs at Sherbrooke Village, Nova Scotia, where he grew up. "It also provides second-hand instruction, as is the case with folk medicine. Folklore is also concerned with the boundaries of experience — such

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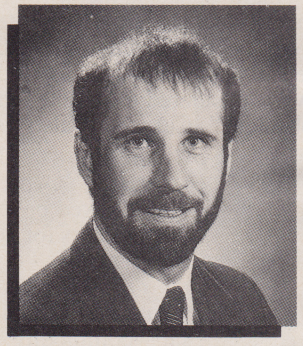

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Mr. Ferguson brings to his position an extensive background in the Group Benefit field. He will be located in the Halifax Regional Office, Purdy's Wharf, Suite 1701, 1959 Upper Water Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

as the supernatural — because too many things in life are unexplained."

An important function of folklore has always been to help people to live and work together. The laughter, fear and scorn heaped on the characters in jokes, anecdotes and stories dissipate some of the inevitable friction among neighbors and co-workers.

The types of oral tradition that thrive in an area provide clues to its history and culture. In Lunenburg County, N.S., Creighton heard the legend of Marie Payzant, supposedly a sister or former lover of General Montcalm. In the story Marie was abducted to Quebec by Indians sent by the French general. Against Montcalm's orders, Marie's husband, Louis, was killed, leaving his bloody hand print indelibly imprinted on a rock.

But in Lunenburg, Creighton was often exposed to lighter fare. "Here people prefer telling stories with an amusing slant to recalling events of their historic and often troubled past," she says.

Much of the lore Creighton found in Nova Scotia concerned treasure, pirates and the sea — often with a supernatural twist. Fishermen in Mahone Bay used to tell of a fiery ghost ship drifting on the water. The ship is supposed to be the *Young Teazer*, a privateer that was trapped and burned in the bay by British warships. And Creighton found a similar tale of a burning ghost ship off Port Hood, Cape Breton.

Indeed, ghost ships are a common theme in the folklore of the Atlantic Provinces. Perhaps one of the regions's oldest legends is "the burning ship of Chaleur Bay," collected by New Brunswick folklorist, Carole Spray. According to the story, Gaspar Corte-Réal, a Portuguese trader, captured some Indians on the Gaspé, and later sold them as slaves in Portugal. On a return trip he and his crew were surprised and killed by Indians in Baie des Chaleurs. When Gaspar's brother sailed into the bay to board the empty ship, he and his crew were also attacked. In a suicide pact, the Portuguese set the ship afire. Since then fishermen have reported seeing a fiery ship drifting in the bay.

New Brunswick is also rich in folklore from the woods, where men worked from fall until spring. "The man who plucked the gorbey" is a story common in New Brunswick and Maine. "Anyone who tells the tale will always swear that it really happened and will tell you the name of the man who did the deed," Spray has written. "I guess there must be a dozen or more men who are supposed to have plucked the gorbey."

In the parlance of the lumbermen, a Canada jay or whiskey jack — a bird also known as the Camp Robber for its habit of stealing food — is called a gorbey. The story goes that one day a short-tempered woodsman gets angry with one of the thieving birds, catches it and plucks every feather from its body. The next day the man wakes up bald. Some of the more superstitious thought that gorbeys were the souls of departed woodsmen. Many, at any rate, considered it bad luck to harm the pesky birds.

Another distinctive New Brunswick tale is the "Dungarvon whooper," told in lumber camps along the Dungarvon River. In this story a young cook was robbed and killed by his greedy boss. The loud, eerie howling of the cook's ghost has haunted the area ever since. Some skeptics, however, attributed the howls to the mating calls of the cougars which once roamed the province's woodlands.

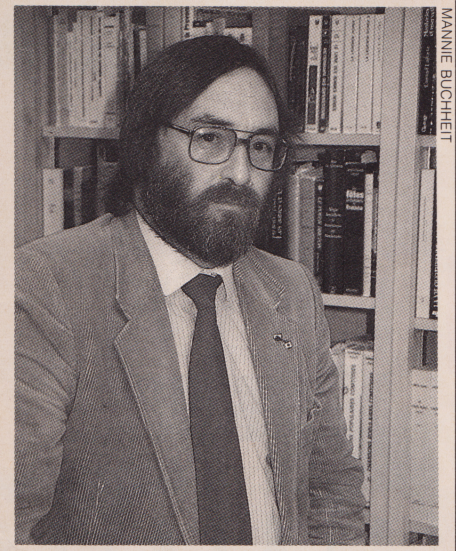
The highlands of Cape Breton, settled by Scots, have yielded a wealth of Celtic lore to collectors, beginning with Mary Fraser, a Roman Catholic nun. Belief in witchcraft was widespread early in the century, a conviction that Fraser traced back through Celtic legend to Druid priestesses. Some believed that the seventh son had the power of healing. Others believed that some unfortunate souls had "second sight" (or "the two sights") and so could see both the world of sense and world of spirit.

Many stories were told in Cape Breton of forerunners of death, where a "sighted" person watched the spirits of the living rehearse a funeral for someone who had not yet died. Some pre-visions were of *bochdans* (hobgoblins) that turned out to be future inventions. One man in Inverness County allegedly had a vision of an automobile years before this mode of transportation arrived on the island. Another man heard a terrible noise which much later materialized as the *Judique Flyer*, a train that was to regularly cross his property after the railway was built.

Belief in fairies was also common, and the town of Inverness was once called *Shean*, which in Gaelic means "house of the fairies." Acadians also had many tales of fairies, which they called *lutins*. It was commonly held that the mischievous beings had a talent for entering locked barns at night and braiding the manes of horses.

Sometimes the pranksters who turn up in folklore may be human ones. Carole Spray heard a tale in K. C. Irving's home town of Buctouche about a stranger who won at gambling, and left hoof marks (a sign of the devil) on the floor. One version of the story concludes that the mysterious person was really a tall uncle of K. C. Irving named Jack, who set out in disguise and with ink on his boots to stop the gambling.

Folklore abounds in humor, from riddles and one-liners to tall tales and elaborate folk tales of the humble outwitting the high and mighty.



MANNIE BUCHHEIT

Thomas: no Newfie joke

Gerald Thomas slips easily into the vernacular of the rural Newfoundlander. "Two fishermen, Pat and Mike, were fishing from a dory in a t'ick a'fog," he begins. "They got a beautiful catch of fish. Mike says, 'We don't know where we are. How we goin' to find dis place again?' Pat says, 'I'll mark da spot,' and he drives an axe into the side of the dory. Back on shore Mike has second thoughts. 'Dat's no good,' he says. 'We might not use da same boat tomorrow.'"

Even this "Newfie joke" has a distinguished pedigree. "People are deceived when they think this joke — and others of its kind — are contemporary and told only of Newfoundlanders," says Thomas. "It has been recorded many times over the last hundred years, and there are many European versions."

While television and radio are taking their toll on traditional kinds of folklore, some of the damage is mitigated by folklorists' active interest in the subject. "It was an eye-opener to many French Newfoundlanders when I was able to show them what we perceived to be so valuable in their folklore," says Gerald Thomas. "This contributed to their pride in their culture and their ethnic identity."

The folklorists from Memorial University, however, were too late to save one of the "two traditions" of francophone story-telling. "TV wiped out the public tradition of story-tellers entertaining large groups at public gatherings," says Thomas. But the private tradition of story-telling among family and friends remains intact.

Folklorists stress that to understand folklore it must be viewed in context. Not just the stories and songs, but the when and how of the performances are important. Often the context was work — long hard hours of it shared by folks in small communities. Sometimes the context was leisure.

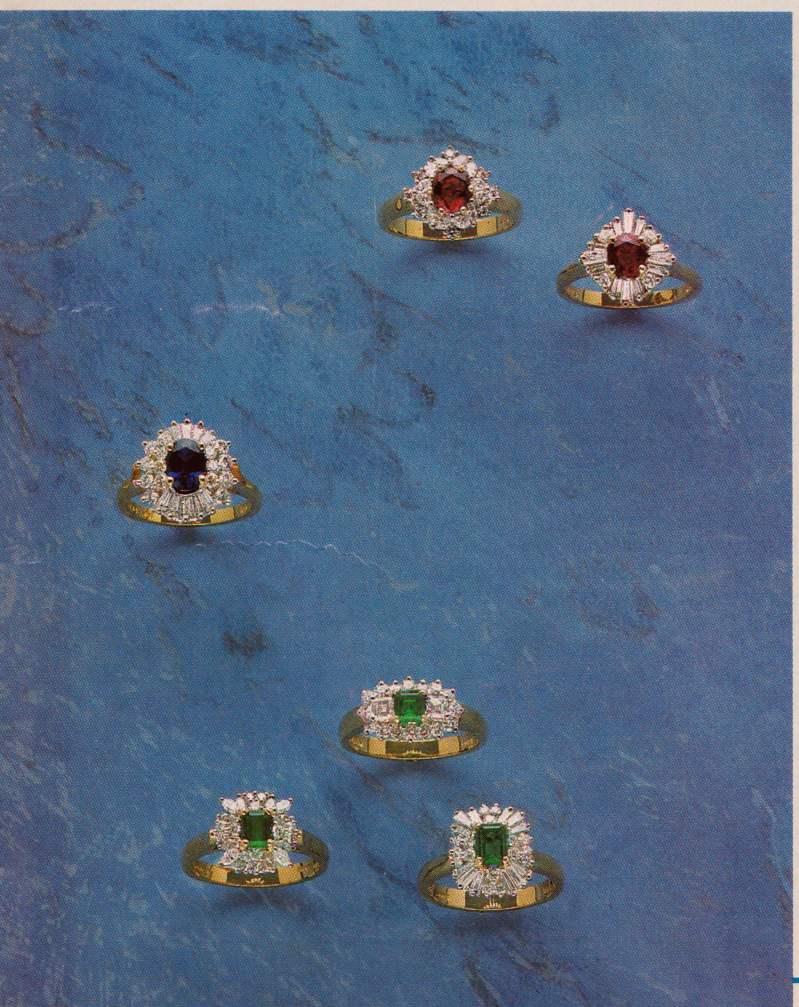
"Fishermen sang and told stories while mending nets and meeting friends at different ports," Creighton says. "And in the woods it was a great thing to have a good story-teller."

While illiteracy is now decried as a social evil, it was largely the uneducated who preserved the traditional songs and stories, passing them down for generations. Many of the ballads in Creighton's collection stretch back to the British Isles and recount the adventures of Robin Hood and chivalrous knights.

The richness of the lode Creighton mined is shown by the fact that she collected so many songs within 10 miles of her Dartmouth home. She also worked intensively — and often alone — throughout Halifax and Lunenburg Counties, in Cape Breton and in southern New Brunswick. Today only one of her singers remains alive. After decades of collecting, Creighton refuses to estimate how much material never made it to the notebook or the tape recorder. "We'll never know," she says.

Eventually folklorists are influenced by the folk they study, so that scholarly detachment must compete with affection and admiration. Ultimately, the goals of folklorist and folk are the same — to preserve the songs and stories in a forgetful and changing world.

Helen Creighton explains it best. "I didn't put much analysis in my books," she says. "I wanted to present the material as it was told to me. I wanted to show the way the people here think."



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Standing up for artistic freedom

The widely publicized controversy about foul language in Charlottetown is only the most recent bout for Walter Learning

by Ann Thurlow

Walter Learning is a wrestler. Not the type you'll find in the ring with Hulk Hogan, but a wrestler all the same. His opponents are more likely to be the ideas that swim constantly in his mind, his own personal demons, or, most recently, the chairperson of the board of Prince Edward Island's Confederation Centre of the Arts. He has come to the Centre to carry on the fight to bring the Charlottetown Festival out of the doldrums and into the forefront of Canadian musical and dramatic production. As soon as he arrived, he discovered there were other battles to be won.

On this day though, Walter Learning is wrestling with furniture. Unlike his predecessor at the Festival, Alan Lund, Learning has decided to make Charlottetown his year-round home. That decision has meant moving all his belongings from Vancouver to his new home — one of the oldest houses in Charlottetown. And on the day the furniture arrives, he's at the door checking the numbers on the boxes as they're carried into the house.

In his omnipresent black turtleneck sweater, one hand in his pocket, the other holding the umpteenth cigarette of the day, he stares out the window. What he sees is not his new view. What he sees is Newfoundland.

Walter Learning grew up in Quidi Vidi — the son of a man who campaigned long and hard for Joey Smallwood, who shared Smallwood's vision of Newfoundland as part of the Dominion of Canada. The senior Learning's campaigns took him up and down the southern shore of Newfoundland but made little impression on his young son.

Walter Learning recalls the day of the first referendum on Confederation. "Myself and a bunch of my buddies rode up and down the streets on our bikes with signs that said, 'Don't sell our birthright!' Oh, we were dead set against Confederation. Before that, we ordered most of the things we wanted from English catalogues — especially the wonderful bicycles that could be bought for $25. To us, Confederation meant having to pay a duty on English bicyles or settling for inferior Canadian ones."

Learning, along with many other ardent Newfoundlanders, lost that fight. But in the new province of the 1950s, he gained something else that was to stay with him for the rest of his life. He attended Bishop Feild College, "a solid old Anglican school," as he calls it now. In 1957, his Grade 7 English teacher started a drama club and encouraged the students to become involved in public speaking. The young Walter Learning was, and continued to be throughout high school, one of the club's most enthusiastic members.

His interest in and flair for drama should have led naturally to a career on the stage. But he had another fight on his hands. As in the great Newfoundland debate, he and his father were on opposite sides. Learning thought he should go to Ryerson in Toronto and study to become a television announcer. His father said there was no future in a television career. Walter offered a compromise — he said he'd take a degree in business administration, intending to change his major as soon as he got to Ryerson. His father, a longtime veteran of political dealing saw through that ruse. So instead, in what turned out to be one of the happiest coincidences of his life, Learning chose the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton. He started his course in business administration but, perhaps not unexpectedly, he found himself miserable. It was on a visit home to Newfoundland that a master from Bishop Feild urged him to get involved in something he cared about — which led him to the UNB Drama Society. He first stepped on to the New Brunswick stage in a small role in *The Seven Year Itch*.

But Learning found something else at UNB — something he'd never expected.

PHOTOS BY WAYNE BARRETT

It began innocently enough with an admiring eye for a beautiful young woman who frequented the library reading room where Learning went to look at the *New York Times*. One day he decided to follow her as she left. His quest ended in a classroom where about 25 people were gathered, where the professor, uncharacteristically for UNB, was wearing a black academic gown. That impressed Learning but not as much as what the professor was saying.

"He was lecturing on Aristotle's comedies," he recalls and then repeats, with wonder, "He was teaching Aristotle's comedies!" That was the beginning of Learning's love affair, not with the beautiful girl, but with philosophy. When in his second year he tried to switch his major from business to philosophy and classics, the dean of business administration wouldn't let him. So he took both courses instead, all the time continuing to be involved in the drama society.

But in the end, philosophy won out. A professor, W. F. M. Stewart, ("He introduced me to Scotch," Learning now admits with a rueful laugh) saw the young man's talent and encouraged him to take an honors philosophy degree. That led him to a Commonwealth scholarship, which enabled him to spend three years in Australia. While there, he continued to study and to pursue his love affair with the theatre, becoming involved with the Canberra Repertory Society, the oldest theatre in the country. There he came under the influence of a man named Ralph Wilson. Years later, in 1986, he was able to repay what he considers an enormous debt to Wilson when he returned to Australia to direct a show and to take part in a ceremony honoring the man who had given so much to him.

But 20 years before, in 1966, he'd returned from Australia, well-educated but with no plans. He landed a summer job teaching drama at UNB. In the fall, he returned to Newfoundland and secured a position teaching philosophy at Memorial University. For two years, he had the best of both of his worlds — drama at UNB in the summer, philosophy in Newfoundland in the winter.

It was a comfortable life and one that might have lasted had Learning not had another wrestling match on his hands. This bout was with himself.

The year was 1967. Lord Beaverbrook had built for the city of Fredericton what Learning now describes as a "simply beautiful theatre." Walter Learning was offered the chance to start a professional theatre company at the new facility. It was a tough decision. Taking the job meant

Learning and theatre director Gary Craswell: challenging traditional family stage in P.E.I.

leaving his academic career behind. But the theatre won. A new career — and Theatre New Brunswick — were born.

Learning knew that a city the size of Fredericton couldn't sustain a full-time theatre company. He realized that if the company was to succeed, it would have to tour the province. Naysayers said it couldn't be done — that New Brunswick's small communities couldn't provide the necessary audiences. Learning proved them wrong.

"You take a community like Sussex," he says now. "There were maybe 4,000 people there. If you discount the people who were too young or too infirm to get out, you had maybe a potential audience of 2,500. We'd take shows there and get 400 or 500 people — 20 per cent of the population. In most places, we'd consistently get 15 per cent — this when it was considered good in some places to get two per cent of the people out." Even after 20 years, Learning recalls the triumph with delight. He built that audience himself, criss-crossing the province to meet people in the communities — "the people who did things," he calls them. He visited homes, convinced service clubs to sponsor the theatre's visits. One person he recalls with particular delight was St. Stephen's Mardie Cockburn. In 1967, he convinced her to help bring TNB to the community. Twenty years later, she's the organization's provincial chairperson.

Learning's first year of association with TNB was also the first year of what was to become a deep and fruitful relationship with the late author, Alden Nowlan. The friendship began — as did so many things in Learning's life — by accident. He was asked to read some poetry during the intermission of a dance recital. One of the poems he picked, without knowing the author, was one of Nowlan's. Alden Nowlan happened to be in the audience that night. Later, he sent Learning a note: "I'll never be able to read that poem again," he grumbled. "You did it better than I ever could."

On the basis of that note, Alden and Claudine Nowlan were invited to the Learning home for supper. A blizzard was raging outside but it couldn't hold a candle to the arguments that raged inside that night. "Alden was looking for a fight," Learning recalls now with the obvious relish of a man who loves a good fight himself. "I remember we argued about country music," he says, "about the title of the old Kitty Wells song about honky-tonk angels."

It was another sparring match between the two of them — this one in public — that began the duo's writing career. In the course of an interview, Learning had remarked that about 90 per cent of Canadian plays were garbage — as, he added, were about 90 per cent of all plays. But it was the first part of his remark that people remembered. It stirred a huge controversy — "some people are still angry with me about that," he says now — and spurred Alden Nowlan to take him on in his *Telegraph Journal* column.

"What Alden did in the column was not disagree with me," he says, "but he made an important point. 'Okay,' he said, 'if 90 per cent of plays are garbage, that means 10 per cent aren't. And Walter Learning should be searching out that 10 per cent and presenting them on the stage.' He argued the point so eloquently. It made me think."

What it made him think about was collaborating with Nowlan on a play. They worked together on a production of *Frankenstein,* which they presented to good reviews in 1975. The play was subsequently published and has been presented, in Learning's estimation, 40 or 50 times since.

But it was with their collaboration on a play called *The Dollar Woman* that Nowlan and Learning had their finest hour. It came about because they wanted to write something about New Brunswick. In the course of doing some research on another subject, they came upon a one-line mention of a woman who was "so beautiful that she sold for a dollar at auction." They dug further and discovered that the woman had been sold at a pauper auction.

Excited at this bit of New Brunswick drama, they began their play, building on what they knew of the woman's circumstances to imagine the tragedy of her life. They were well into their play when they discovered a man in Sussex who knew something of the history of paupers and pauper auctions. His name was MacCready. His grandfather had been the last overseer of paupers and the young MacCready himself had attended the last pauper auction in the province. Learning quickly drove to Sussex and spent hours taping the man's stories. He rushed back to Fredericton to play the tape for Nowlan. They threw out their work and started again. "What a gift that man gave us," Learning says. *The Dollar Woman* opened in Sussex to a crowd of 700. One of the characters in the play was MacCready himself — played by Jamie Learning, Walter's son.

But with all he had built and was working on, Learning felt it was time to move on. He was persuaded to see the company through its 10th season and was ceremoniously "roasted" at a dinner in his honor and awarded an honorary degree from UNB. As he was winding down his work at UNB, he was being courted to take over the theatre section of the Canada Council. As with all his other job offers, this one caused him no small amount of struggle. "I had no stomach for being a cultural bureaucrat," he says. But he took the job — with certain provisions. One was that he would be able to continue his work, as long as it was outside Canadian theatre.

It was this provision that allowed him to take a BBC television directors' course; that led to a short but happy association with the acclaimed Newfoundland television production *Up At Ours.* He wrote three episodes and directed or story edited several others. He loved the show — "I

think it could have been Canada's *Coronation Street"* — both for the actors and the chance to collaborate on scripts with Alden Nowlan.

The frequent breaks gave him the fortitude to stay with the Canada Council for four years — two more than he'd planned. But four was enough and, with no options in sight, he left the Council. It was during a vacation in Las Vegas that he received a call from the Vancouver Playhouse. Again, the struggle. Again, he said yes. He spent four and a half years there, with breaks to return to Australia and to direct at the Stratford Festival.

It was during a trip to Australia, in fact, that he received the call that eventually brought him to Charlottetown. He'd been approached by the Festival before but the circumstances had, to him, never seemed right. When Alan Lund left in 1986, Learning was approached again.

He said no. He wanted to take a year off — to travel across the country visiting theatre companies and to write a book. But he hadn't counted on the persuasive powers of Brian Anthony, the new executive director. Fresh from the Canadian Conference of the Arts and the political battles on behalf of artists, Anthony was convinced Walter Learning was the man for the job. And after that call from Charlottetown to Australia, Learning was convinced too.

He came to Charlottetown just in time to plan the new season and to start yet another battle.

It began innocently enough with the announcement of the 1987 season on the Main Stage. *Anne of Green Gables* was back, as was *Babies,* albeit with a new script. The new offering was *Are You Lonesome Tonight?* — a play about the life and death of Elvis Presley. Learning might have expected to draw criticism for the choice. Last year, the Festival came under fire for its lack of Canadian content and its glitzy Las Vegas style show.

This play, by an Englishman about an American, didn't fit anyone's idea of Canadian content. But the controversy generated by *Are You Lonesome Tonight?* had nothing to do with Canadian nationalism. Unlike the other productions, *Are You Lonesome Tonight?* contained four-letter and, in some cases, 12-letter words. Quite a number of them.

While most of the members of the board of directors were willing to risk presenting an adult show on what had traditionally been a family stage, board chairperson Catherine Callbeck did not agree. In fact, she disagreed so vehemently that she threatened to resign if the show went ahead. She involved Premier Joe Ghiz — who had appointed her — by going to him to complain. Ghiz agreed that the language was offensive and for a while, it looked as though his government was going to get involved in the ugly business of censoring the arts. But the rest of the board held firm. The production would go ahead with its original language intact. Catherine Callbeck resigned.

The issue galvanized the community and drew national attention to Charlottetown. Learning appeared on television and radio shows, firm in his position but giving no sense of the personal grief the controversy caused him. Of the event now, he'll only say, "It was a burp at the banquet of life." But for a long time, his supporters feared that the controversy would drive him away.

When he's asked now how he feels about returning to the East Coast he just laughs. He says he missed his Atlantic roots but had no romantic illusions that his return would be easy. Learning took the job because he liked the pace of a summer festival as opposed to a theatre with a year-round season and he was hired because people knew that to succeed, the Centre and the Festival were going to have to change. He doesn't say — but it's there — that he knew he'd be facing another fight.

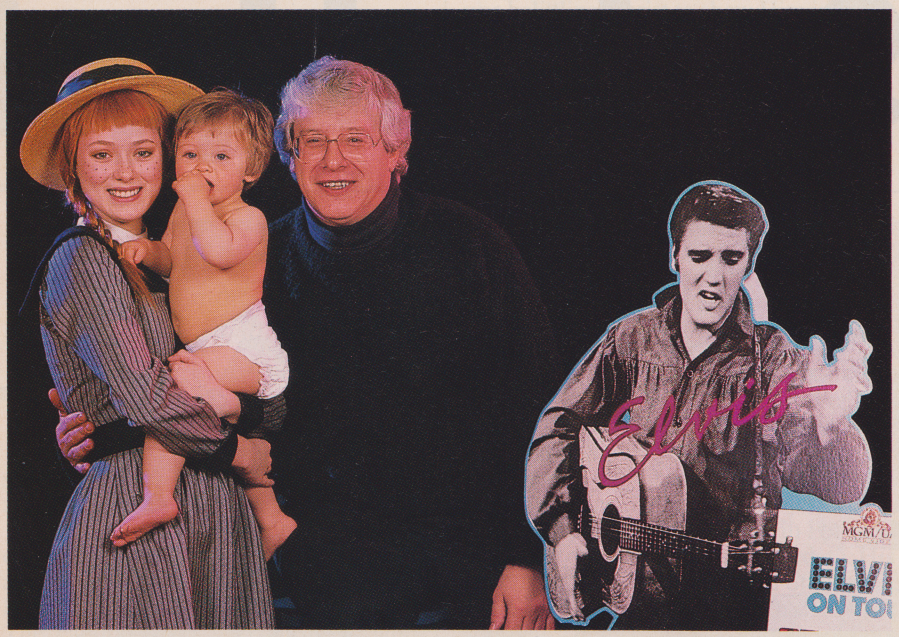
Even without the Elvis controversy, Learning's initiation to Charlottetown hasn't been easy. One of his first moves was to bring in young Canadian talent to help him with choreography and directing. One of those people was Jeff Hyslop, who got his start playing Gilbert in an early production of *Anne of Green Gables.* Another was Paul Hanna. Learning had worked with Hanna in the young company at Theatre New Brunswick and admired him tremendously. Then, without warning, Paul Hanna died of a heart attack. He was 37. The loss set Learning back, personally and artistically. Hanna was to have directed part of David French's *Mercer Trilogy* on the Festival's second stage — the first time all three plays would have been presented together. Hanna's death forced a change in those plans. One of the plays, *Saltwater Moon,* will be presented this year while the full *Mercer Trilogy* will have to wait — replaced for now by *Billy Bishop Goes To War.*

Despite the setbacks, Learning remains excited about the season. The Cabaret will feature the premiere of a one-man show about Noel Coward, written and performed by pop star, Peter Pringle. Also playing at the Cabaret will be *Take Two Modern Housewives and...*written and performed by Canadian actresses Diane Stapley and Ruth Nicol. The lunchtime theatre will feature an Island original — *The Venerables Present...*a show about growing old, written and performed by older people.

But Learning's real excitement comes when he talks about the Festival's future. He wants the Confederation Centre to become a truly national institution: "a place where we can tell the world about ourselves — and tell ourselves about ourselves." He's anxious to begin plans to turn the place into a training centre, to train young actors and technical people, and to encourage and commission original Canadian works. He wants to extend the festival's season to take advantage of the department of tourism's attempts to build the shoulder seasons — May-June and September-October. He says, "I want to do a lot."

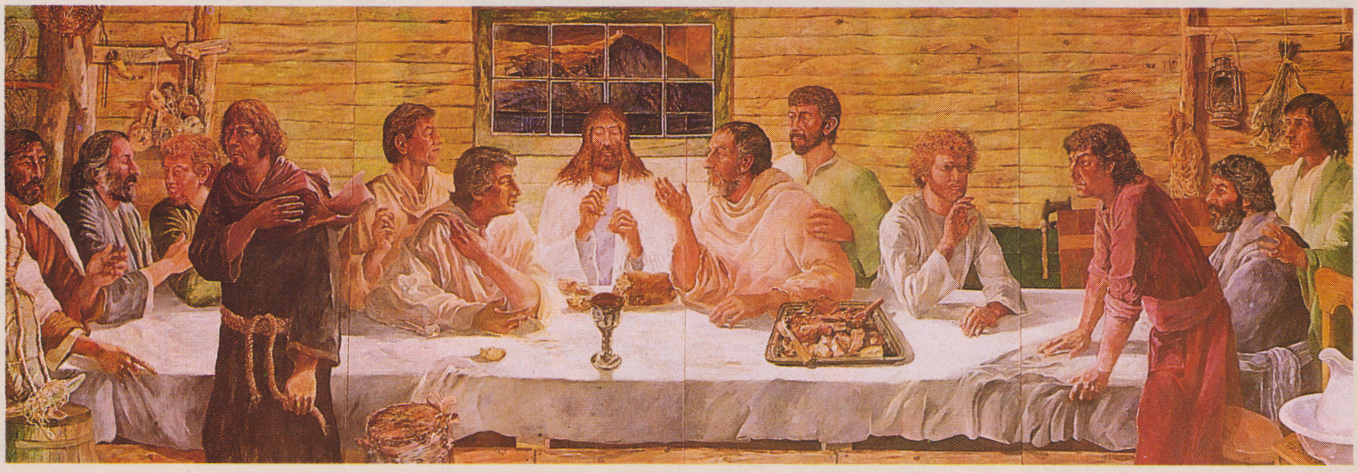
He's sitting now. The furniture is all moved in, the door is shut against the cool of the evening. He drifts off for a minute. He might be in Vancouver or Australia or even Newfoundland. There's a knock at the door. A man from the moving company stops by to make some last minute arrangements. "You're the guy who got himself into the fight at the Centre, aren't you?" the man says.

"Yes," says Learning, stirring from his reverie — an enormous smile splitting his face. "Yessir, by God, I am."



***Anne* and *Babies* return for the 1987 season, but the new play about Elvis caused a furor**

Gerry Squires' Last



PHOTOS BY RAY FENNELLY

Supper

An artist paints religious themes in Newfoundland settings using his friends as models to capture the true flavor of the province

by Margot Bruce

The painting looks like an illustration for a humor magazine; it doesn't have the Gerry Squires style, but it says a lot about the artist and his latest accomplishment.

It's a colorful, uncluttered painting of Jesus with the Twelve Apostles ambling up the driveway to Squires' house, with casks of wine in their hands. The caption reads, "Gail, guess who's coming for supper?"

Artist Gerry Squires has this painting displayed proudly between a Christopher Pratt and a Squires in the kitchen of his home in Holyrood, Nfld. One of his students did it as a spoof on Gerry's latest endeavor — a painting of the Last Supper.

Squires is a part-time art teacher with Memorial University's extension services and *The Last Supper* is his most recent success, the third in a series of works commissioned by a local Roman Catholic church.

The painting overwhelms parishoners at Mary Queen of the World Church, both with its enormity and its style. The life-size painting comes alive in the back of the church. It's so powerful that churchgoers can't help glancing over their shoulders at it during mass. Three years ago, Rev. Adrian Kimenai asked Squires to paint the Resurrection and Crucifixion for the altar of his new church, Mary Queen of the World, in Mount Pearl, just outside of St. John's.

Father Adrian, a Capuchin priest, wanted the painting of Jesus crucified to have a Newfoundland setting, because he likes his church to reflect the province and its people. Father Adrian is Dutch and he grew up in churches full of art that was reflective of the community.

Putting Jesus in a Newfoundland setting is a new concept for the province, and for the more traditional Catholics the idea of Jesus near a fishflake is a little unusual.

But it was a concept that appealed to Squires, whose work has always had a religious theme. He decided to paint Jesus being crucified in Ferryland, a fishing community he was familiar with because he had lived there in a lighthouse for 12 years.

Squires says some people were put off by the idea, because they thought it was belittling Christ to show Him in a fish stage. He disagreed with that view and says those people must think their culture is inferior. He says, "I've really elevated that cultural connection and given it some dignity. The paintings celebrate our culture as well as this adopted religion we now have as our own."

When the painting was installed, the parishoners thought it was great. It consists of three sections: the Crucifixion of Jesus on the cross on the Ferryland Downs is on the left, the Resurrection is on the right and in the middle fishermen are hauling nets. A common background of water makes the three look like one scene. The parish was so pleased with the results that Squires was asked to paint the Stations of the Cross, also to be set in Newfoundland.

Squires chose an old road in Portugal Cove for the path Jesus walked to His crucifixion. Unlike traditional Stations of the Cross, Jesus is alone for most of the journey. There aren't any Roman soldiers or jeering crowds, because Squires wanted to emphasize how lonely the walk must have been for Jesus. He succeeds, for you can sense the isolation and emptiness when you look at Jesus' face. And there are fishermen nailing Jesus to the cross, but instead of wearing Middle East attire, they're dressed in jeans and fisherman-knit sweaters.

Squires tied in the Stations with his paintings behind the altar by again showing Jesus crucified on the Ferryland Downs, and then buried in a cave like the one he found in Manuels, Long Pond.

When the Stations of the Cross were finished, the church wasn't ready to let Squires put down his paintbrush yet, and for the third time in as many years, they commissioned him again — to paint *The Last Supper*. He was excited about the project because he had always wanted to do a painting of the Last Supper but had never found the time.

He used his friends as models because he wanted the Twelve Apostles to have personalities. "They've got the flavor of Newfoundland," says Squires, "and anyway, these people have all contributed to the culture of Newfoundland. I didn't want to paint twelve Sunday school teachers. I find them (the models) to be truly great human beings."

A number of objects in the painting of the Last Supper emphasize that it's taking place in Newfoundland. There's an anchor and a swish barrel, and through a window Signal Hill can be seen off in the distance.

This is the first time Squires has worked for a church, but it's certainly not the first time religion has been the focus of his art. Two of his major exhibitions were based on Christian saints — a series on the teachings of St. Francis of Assisi, and another inspired by the canticles of St. John of the Cross.

"I remember the Church had a big influence on me, both my parents were Salvation Army officers," says Squires. "There was a fear that the Church had created in me as a child, and it's something I've had to overcome as a man. Most of my work dealt with that and still does today." He says the Bible is a storehouse of imagery.

Gerry Squires was born on Change Islands, but grew up on Exploits Islands. His parents separated, and when he was 12 years old his mother moved the family to Toronto. Later, he studied at the Ontario College of Art, but for the most part he's self-taught. He worked for a while as a commercial artist with the now defunct *Toronto-Telegram*. It was also in Toronto that he met and married Gail Tooker and they had two daughters, Meranda and Esther.

Financially this was the most secure period of his life, but he wasn't happy; he worked all day and painted at night. He says he worked too hard and drank a bit too much and this didn't leave much time for his family.

So at 28 he quit his job and moved his family back to Newfoundland. When Squires returned to the province, it was going through a period of transition. The resettlement program was in full swing and the government was moving people from their small communities to larger centres.

Squires was also going through a transitional period. He was in the middle of painting his *Wanderer* series and the subject was actually his own search. He began to realize the importance of the environment and what a magnificent place Newfoundland was, but it was a painful time for the people who were being uprooted. Being from a small community he felt their hurt, and his work reflected the broken culture around him. He completed a series of 12 paintings which were very self-absorbed.

Although Squires' inner feelings were reflected in his work, he says it wasn't a sad period of his life. He was having a great time, but in terms of his own inner self they were painful times. A lot of Squires' work is described as desolate and isolated, something which prompts critics and writers to say he's had a sad life. But that's not how he sees it.

"When I lived in the lighthouse in Ferryland Downs, I was isolated in a real sense," he says. "My family and I lived two miles out into the water. But it was the most prolific period of my career and a time of drinking, parties and storytelling. I was very happy. All of the twelve years in the lighthouse were full of self-discovery, full of love and full of passion, fun and raising children." It was also a

The Stations of the Cross...

lucrative time for him as an artist, and with the lighthouse costing him $5 a month to rent, the situation was ideal.

While he lived in Ferryland, Squires painted landscapes without people in them. Prior to this his paintings were very abstract and vague; they never dealt with detail at all. In Ferryland he was surrounded with detail and began to incorporate it in his work. It was a very disciplined time for him.

are set on the Ferryland Downs

Squires wanted to paint the water, which is why he chose Ferryland. He says his work always dictates where he lives. That's why he's now living in Holyrood. He wants to paint the interior of Newfoundland — bogs and marshes.

He says he's tired of living on the edge, which may have something to do with his age. Squires, who turns 50 this year, sees Holyrood as a resting place. "All I ever wanted was to live the quiet life," he says. "My work is starting to reflect it too."

Gerry Squires the artist thinks that with age he's become more certain of his abilities.

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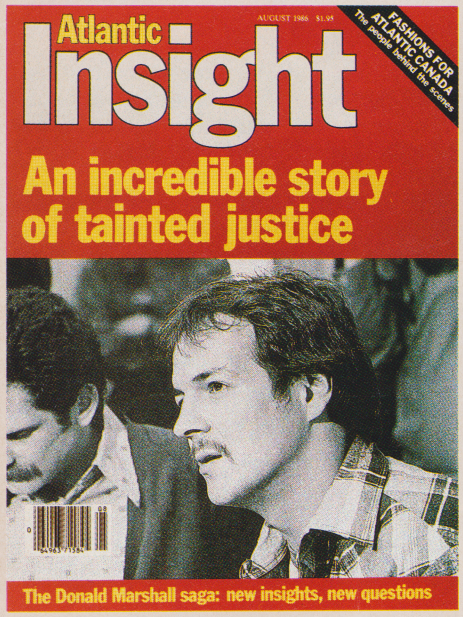

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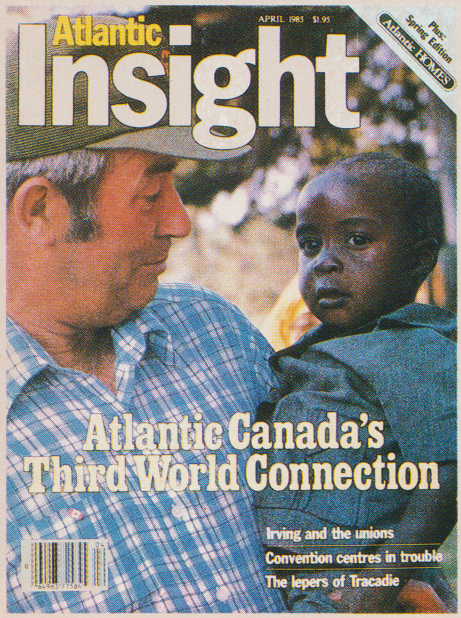

Climate for tolerance imperfect

Only nitwits claim racism no longer hurts anyone in Atlantic Canada, but at least our schools have stopped openly teaching little children to ridicule blacks, Jews and foreigners. What reminded me of this — and of just how relentlessly adults once taught kids that minorities were stupid and ludicrous — was my finding in a Nova Scotia farmhouse a volume of yellowing, dog-eared, water-damaged pages called *Choice Humor for Reading and Recitation.* Its staples are rusty, and the cover has vanished. I can't discover the exact date of publication, but the publisher was a Philadelphia firm that specialized in *Entertainment Books for Young People.*

"Nigger" still drops casually from the lips of many elderly Maritimers, and every time I hear it I recoil. But when you read the unchoice humor of *Choice Humor,* you begin to grasp that they had little chance of growing up not prejudiced. Imagine teachers beaming benignly as thousands of white youngsters stood before their little classmates and, enunciating as clearly as they could according to the best rules of elocution, chimed such garbage as this:

Fiddler got his mouf wide ope'm
Hol'in' down dat music tight,
Teeth, dey settin' sorter slope'm
Look like tombstones in de night.
All sasshey! I 'clar' to gracious;
Nebber seed de like befo';
Niggers sho'ly dance ou'dacious
'Sidrin' drouth an' oberflow.

Nor were blacks the only folks whose speech and habits revealed them as something less than human, and therefore fitting targets for mockery. Again, I picture bluenose boys and girls as they got their first inkling of the nature of Jews by making teacher happy with flawless renditions of *Polonius to Laertes — Renewed:*

Shakey, take a fader's plessing,
Take it, for you get it sheap.
Go in hot for magin' money,
Go in and mage a heap.
Don' you do tings vots crooked,
Don' you do no tings vots mean —
Aber, rake right in dot boodle,
Quiet, calm, und all serene.

Don' you lend you gash to no von —
Not for less dan den per cend;
Don you make no vild oxpenses,
Dot's de vay de money vent,
Und I tells you, leedle Shakey,
Put dis varning in your ear,
Be a man of pizness honor,
Nefer vale but tvice a year.

Malcolm Ross, the Moncton schoolteacher who writes books that deny the Holocaust and claim Jews are scheming to take over the world, is probably too young to have learned such stuff as a boy in grade school. Still, he's only one generation removed from *Choice Humor,* with its exposé of "Mr. Hoffenstein," the grasping shopkeeper who says such things as "I vill dell you vy," and whose money-lust enables a gang of fun-loving soldiers to con him out of fifty bucks.

The Irish, too, get bad press in *Choice Humor.* "Mick Murphy and Dan Collins" are "two friends of moine," one author writes, "and moind ye now, nather Mickey nor Danny had iver been out of the corragus of the town of Tipperary in all their barn days." On their first trip to England, they discover that "mustther" (mustard) comes free with meat in a "ristorant." They gobble it down by the spoonful, and burn their mouths. That's how stupid they are, those Irish buffoons. If *Choice Humor* ever made it to the classrooms of New Brunswick's Miramichi district, home to a lot of Irish, I doubt if the story of Mickey and Danny went down any better than the mustard did.

The authors in *Choice Humor* sometimes work so strenuously to mimic immigrants who talk funny that it's hard to tell what nationality they're lampooning. The bluenose youngster who recited "De Dog Und Der Lobster," for instance, might not have known whether the teller of this ditty was supposed to have been a German or a Swede: "Und den dot lobster, he voke up, / Und crawl yoost like dot snail, / Und make vide open ov his claws, / Und grab dot doggie's tail." I vote for German myself, but that "yoost" confuses me. Anyway, the dog, too inquisitive for his own good, loses his tail; and the moral is, "Don't vant to find out too much tings / Dot vasn't ov your own."

The back pages of *Choice Humor* offer other *Entertainment Books for Young People,* and the blurb about *Choice Dialect* boasts that it's "a rare and valuable collection of Irish, German, Scottish, French, Negro and other dialects...and is entirely free from anything that would offend the most refined taste." The preface to *Choice Humor* offers a similar assurance: "We have endeavored to guard against the introduction of anything coarse and unrefined, and while we have striven to provide for a wide variety of individual preferences, we trust nothing will be found in these pages to offend the purest and most cultivated tastes." The assumption seems to have been that Blacks, Jews, recent immigrants from Europe and other inferior beings were not capable of distinguishing between what was coarse and what was not, and that their taste could not possibly have been pure and cultivated.

The fact that Maritime schoolmarms imposed such stuff on children does not mean they were unusually bigoted. The attitudes that infected *Choice Humor* were acceptable to tens of millions of Americans and Canadians. The collector of the gems in *Choice Humor,* one Charles C. Shoemaker, plucked them not from hate literature but from family newspapers and magazines: the *Detroit Free Press, New Orleans Times-Democrat, Brooklyn Eagle, Chicago Tribune, New York Sun, Travelers' Magazine, Century Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly,* etc. Moreover, only two generations have passed since Maritime newspapers regularly sprinkled their pages with "sho-nuff" jokes starring woolly-headed pickaninnies; and only 42 years have passed since New Glasgow, N.S. made the pages of *Time* because a black woman was arrested for insisting on sitting in the whites-only section of a local movie theatre.

As late as 1931, a Canadian publisher brought out *Industrial Dramas for Classroom Use,* in which the play about ranching in Alberta had one character refer to another as "that useless Chink." In another industrial drama, a stern, honest, upright Anglo trapper discourages a seedy, dishonest, happy-go-lucky French-Canadian trapper from using illegal means to catch a wily beaver. The French Canadian naturally calls the beaver "ze beevair."

That book is no longer in our schools. Nor is *Choice Humor,* nor anything remotely like it. The climate for tolerance may not be perfect, but it's better than it was, and maybe, just maybe, a time is coming when there will no longer be enough racist offal in society to nourish the thought of people such as Alberta's James Keegstra and our own Malcolm Ross.

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A riot of rhubarb

The culinary uses of rhubarb's colorful stalks are myriad. Their tart taste can be sweetened by adding other natural ingredients

by Judith Comfort

Rhubarb is the old faithful of the garden. As sure as blue flags spring up in Maritime ditches and fiddleheads unwind at streams' edges, so unfurling rhubarb leaves herald a season of new growth. In its own corner of the yard, away from the danger of shovel or rototiller, this hardy plant comes up year after year.

It's such an optimistic time of year for gardeners. After a dull winter of cellared roots and pale imported lettuce we can hardly wait for that first vital taste of sugar peas, new potatoes and sun-kissed tomatoes. What a treat to say, "Rhubarb is in season," for soon everything else will be too.

Atlantic gardeners appreciate rhubarb because we live in a land where peach trees have to be pampered, and where cherries appear in alternate years, if at all. But even our moody climate can't keep rhubarb down. Not only does it come up every year without fail, but continues to bear throughout its season to the end of June. No matter how many stalks we ruthlessly pluck to transform into custard pies, it keeps putting out more. Rhubarb must surely be a cousin of zucchini.

Buy an old house in the country and a backyard bonus will probably be a massive clump of elephant ear-sized leaves on long juicy stems. Generations before us, families built these sturdy homes and around them cultivated hardy perennials: peonies, narcissus and rhubarb. Marie Nightingale, in *Out of Old Nova Scotia Kitchens,* says that rhubarb was traditionally grown as a spring tonic.

Today our appreciation of rhubarb goes far beyond the medicinal. It may be true that only small children are brave enough to bite into the raw, succulent and very sour stems, but adult taste buds can easily be accommodated with a counterbalance of sweetener. Those who are self-conscious about using white crystal sugar can blend rhubarb with raisins, dates, prunes, honey, maple syrup and even molasses.

So, what can be done with an armload of rhubarb? Consider other sour foods such as lemons, vinegar, sorrel and sour cream. They make wonderful sweet-and-sour combinations: lemonade, chutneys, pickles, sweet-and-sour spareribs and Chinese hot and sour soup. Try substituting rhubarb, either raw, cooked or as strained juice, in some of these dishes. Why not rhubarbade or rhubarb chutney? Stewed rhubarb is similar in texture to applesauce and other puréed fruit. Add it, instead, to your favorite applesauce cake or gooseberry fool recipe.

Throughout June rhubarb is in season but strawberries are not far behind. Combine the last of the rhubarb with the first of the strawberries for fragrant ices, chilled soups, and of course pies. Every year rhubarb-strawberry pie is our first real taste of summer.

If family and friends have had enough fresh rhubarb this month, it's easy to save some for later. To freeze rhubarb, simply chop the stalks into one-inch pieces, place them in plastic bags, seal and freeze. Stewed rhubarb also freezes well. Gently stew rhubarb (about six parts rhubarb to one part water or fruit juice) either in an oven roaster or in a large saucepan.

For added flavor, stew raisins, dates, prunes or dried apricots along with the rhubarb. Add sugar or honey to suit your own taste (about ½ cup of sugar or ⅓ cup honey to four cups raw fruit). Cool, place in plastic bags and freeze. To can stewed rhubarb, hot pack it in sterilized jars, seal, and process in a boiling water bath for ten minutes.

Chilled Rhubarb Soup

Try this refreshing sweet-and-sour soup on a hot day. Make it well in advance, preferably the day before, to give it time to chill thoroughly.

1 onion
2 Tbsp. vegetable oil
4 cups coarsely chopped rhubarb
1 - 28 oz. can tomatoes
2 sprigs fresh parsley
1 carrot
2 potatoes
1 cup coarsely chopped celery
2 cups water
¼ to ½ cup brown sugar
salt and pepper to taste
1 to 2 cups sour cream or whole milk yogurt
1 large cucumber
3 green onions

Sauté diced onion in large Dutch oven or soup pot until translucent. Add rhubarb, tomatoes, parsley, whole carrot and potatoes, celery and water. Bring to a boil over high heat. Cover, reduce heat

PHOTO / ERIC HAYES FOOD STYLIST / KATHERINE CHUTE

and simmer until potatoes are fork tender (about 15 minutes). Strain soup through colander into large bowl. Remove potatoes and carrots. Dice and chill in refrigerator. Discard other vegetables.

Stir smaller amount of sugar, salt and pepper into soup. Add more sugar to achieve sweet/sour balance preferred. Cool soup to room temperature. Place sour cream or yogurt in medium-sized bowl. Whisk in ½ cup soup until smooth. Blend in two more cups soup. Pour sour cream/yogurt mixture into soup, stirring well. Adjust flavoring. Chill in refrigerator at least four hours before serving. Serve with diced potatoes, carrots, cucumbers and green onions. Serves 8 to 10.

Rhubarb Stawberry Ice

This ice or slush is easily made in ice cube trays in a regular freezer. You may wish to make it in an ice cream machine but the texture will be smoother.

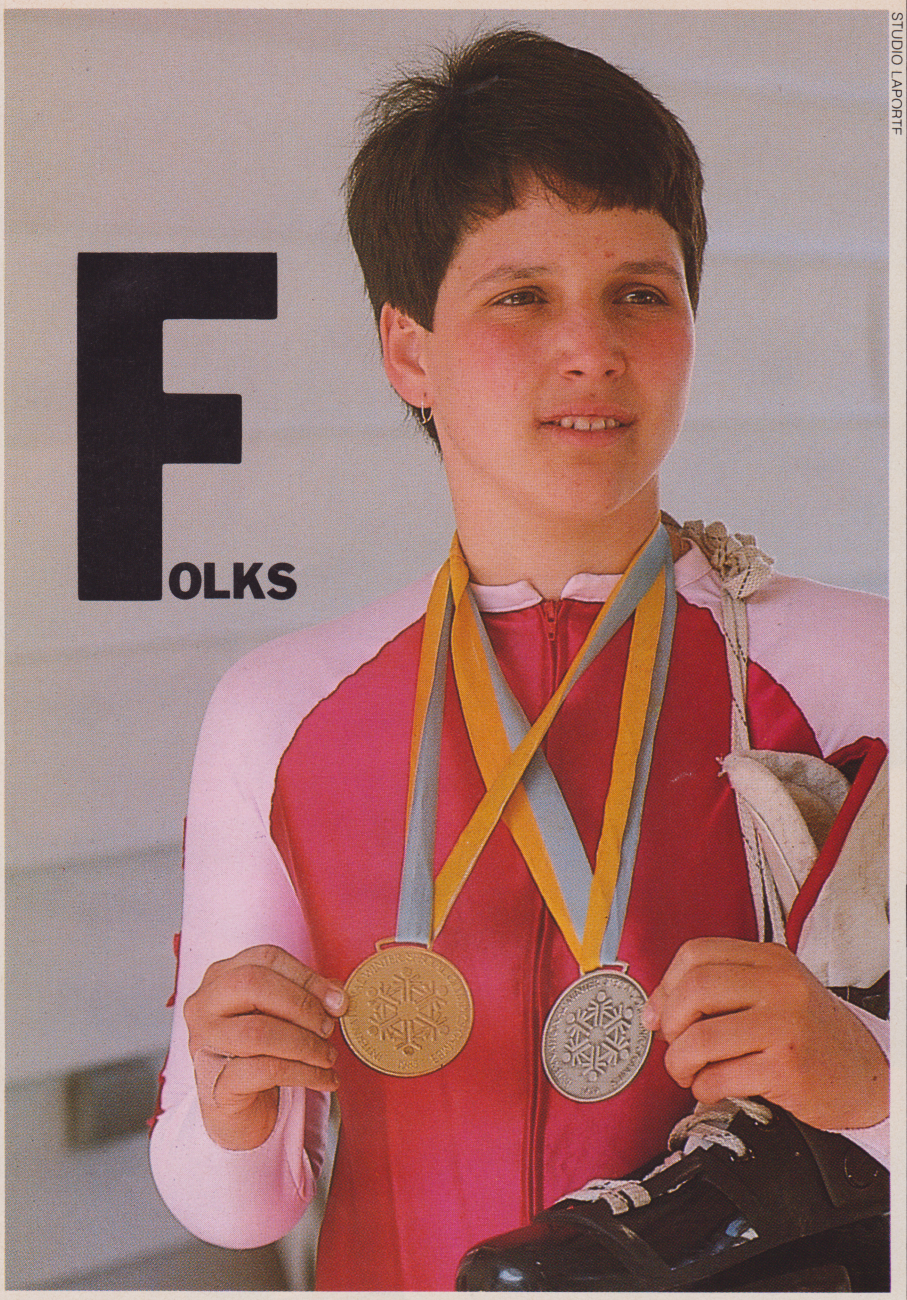
4 cups diced rhubarb
2 cups water
¾ cup white sugar
1 cup puréed fresh or frozen unsweetened strawberries

Place rhubarb and water in large non-reactive (stainless or enamel-coated) saucepan. Bring to a boil, cover and simmer until rhubarb is very soft (about 15 minutes). Strain mixture through cheesecloth. Mash rhubarb gently to extract juices without making liquid cloudy. Discard or save pulp for other purposes.

Pour liquid back into saucepan. Stir in sugar and bring to a rolling boil over high heat. Remove from heat and cool to room temperature. Stir in strawberries. Pour into two or three ice cube trays or a nine-inch square pan. Place in freezer. After one hour ice will start to form on sides. Stir ice into centre with fork. Check every half hour or so (for two to three hours), stirring until slushy consistency is achieved. Yield: 4 cups or 8 servings.

— Judith Comfort is a food writer living on Nova Scotia's South Shore. Author of four cookbooks, her most recent is ***Some Good! City Food*** *(Nimbus 1987).*

FOLKS



STUDIO LAPORTE

Susan Woods: a proud Olympian displays her hard-earned medals

"She's just skating for fun now," says Madeleine Woods, the mother of International Special Olympics gold and silver medal winner, **Susan Woods**. Susan, mentally handicapped since birth, was adopted at 18 months by Madeleine and her late husband Roy, in Grand Falls, N.B.

These days Susan holds down a dollar-a-day job at St. Horizon school for the mentally and physically handicapped in nearby St. André. Her days of furniture sanding and making metal lapel pins contrast sharply with all the excitement of 1984 when she won three speed skating medals at the Canadian Special Olympics held in Edmundston, N.B.

The next year she skated away with gold and silver medals from the 1985 International Games held at Park City, Utah. In those races she wore boys' hockey skates and defeated better-equipped contestants from Canada, Europe and the United States.

Susan no longer has to push herself through the long hours of strenuous exercise she did to prepare herself for the speed skating events, but she still enjoys sports. Her room is filled with mementoes of the days when she was winning the big races; there are plaques of recognition from the prime minister and the premier of New Brunswick, and from Eunice Kennedy Shriver, who chaired the Special Olympics Committee. The Grand Falls Town Council kept a huge banner extolling her deeds across the main street for more than three months.

Next March Woods has been invited to participate in the opening of the Canadian Special Olympics which will be held in Edmundston again.

Like a statue, he's a city landmark, but **Const. Frank Miller** is a landmark in constant motion. With his right hand held out in a full stop and his left arm cutting the air — signalling cars to turn — Miller keeps the traffic flowing smoothly at the corner of Prescott and Duckworth streets in St. John's.

There's been a traffic cop at the intersection for more than 40 years. And the corner has been Miller's Monday to Friday beat for seven years now. That's one of the reasons he likes the job. No night shift, weekends off, and Miller says, "the job keeps me fit — keeps the blood circulating."

Despite St. John's infamous winter weather, Miller loves working outdoors. "You can be dead tired in the morning, but you go out for five or ten minutes and you're wide awake, let me tell you." What makes up for the cold weather may be the warm attention Miller recieves. No one passes through his intersection without a wave and a smile, or a friendly gibe.

Sadly, he may soon have to give it all up. With just four years left on the force, he'd like to write his sergeant's exam before retiring. That would mean abandoning his cherished corner — an idea he doesn't like. "I like my job, and I know a lot of people who can't say that."

RAY FENNELLY

Keeping the traffic flowing in St. John's

Norm Phinney of Wilmot, in the Annapolis Valley, is a craftsman who collects, restores and then shares his "treasures." The cases of the 30 or so antique clocks he owns glow with the beauty of restored wood. There are also metal clocks, clocks inlaid with onyx and jade, and some with hand-painted designs. There are large grandfather clocks, a tiny rotary pendulum clock and one with a bronze Cleopatra sitting

PETAL STEELE

Phinney shares his restored treasures

among the ruins she presumably created. Each is a masterpiece.

Phinney first became interested in clocks about 30 years ago. At first he only wanted to collect clocks representing each of the national groups that first settled in Nova Scotia. But his collection kept growing until he had clocks and watches from all over the world.

Several years ago, Phinney had so many antique clocks that he was going to open his own museum. Instead, the Nova Scotia Museum bought more than 130 of his best clocks and watches and they are on display now in the Macdonald Museum in Middleton.

Phinney also has a white 1920 Rolls Royce and an antique Mercedes Benz gleaming in the garage of his home. Like many of the clocks he has collected and rebuilt, the Rolls Royce is completely handmade. Only once did he use a manufactured bolt in the car. "That's the only time I really felt aware of the personality of the builder of my antiques," says Phinney. "Henry Royce was a real tyrant. I made a bolt myself to replace it."

Tales of big families abound in Atlantic Canada, but few women have the distinction that **Margaret Beaton** has — that of being the mother of the community.

The Prince Edward Island resident is the mother of five and grandmother of sixteen; however, she is fondly called "Nanny" by three generations who grew up associating her with the Beaton farm and the community of Alexandra to which she has devoted herself for years.

In addition to being a full-time farm wife and raising a family, Beaton is a charter member of the Women's Institute in Alexandra which she helped establish in 1937. During that 50-year membership, she's held each of the executive positions and been president for a total of 22 years.

In 1983 she travelled to Vancouver with another member to represent their chapter at the international conference of the Associated Country Women of the World. And in 1984 Beaton was named P.E.I.'s "Women's Institute Woman of the Year."

"Our motto is 'For Home and Country' and we work for our community," says Beaton. "One of our projects was supporting our one-room schoolhouse and over the years we raised money to help furnish it and even replace the floor." When schools in the area were consolidated about ten years ago, the Women's Institute turned its efforts successfully to refurbishing the schoolhouse for a community centre.

The local 4-H chapter in Alexandra got its start through Beaton's efforts, and she taught knitting and sewing to young 4-H members in her home for 12 years. Adult sewing classes were also given in her home, and following the formation of the Community School, she has continued to teach knitting to adults through that outlet.

GORD JOHNSTON

Beaton: more than 50 years of dedication

RAY FENNELLY

Preserving the monarchy and raising royal pets in Nfld.

Since her "coming out" presentation to King George VI and Queen Elizabeth at the court of Edinburgh Castle in 1947, **Lady Jacqueline Barlow** has been monarchist to the core.

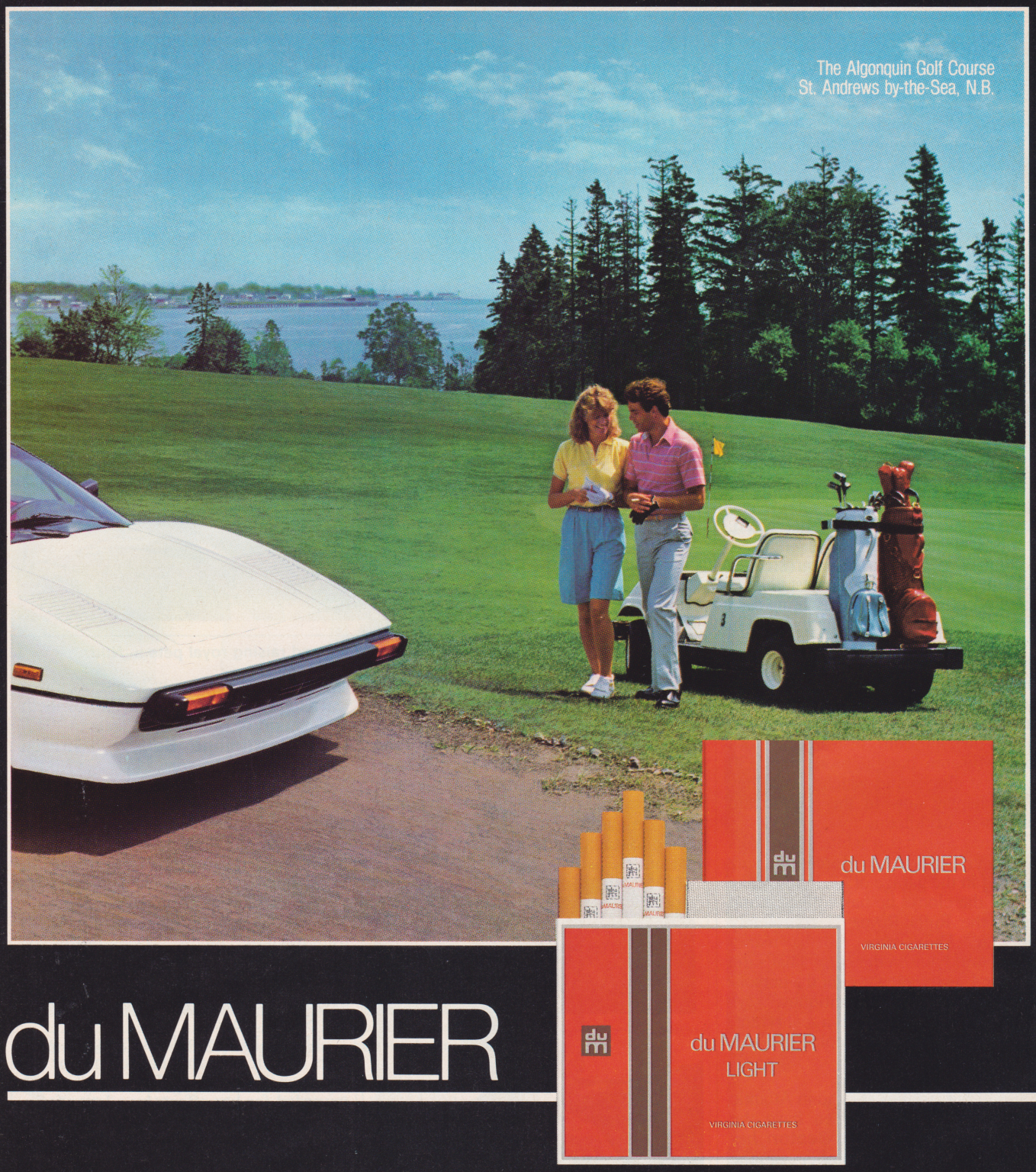
Her name is synonymous with the Monarchist League of Newfoundland which she helped found in 1967, just a year after she and her husband, Sir Christopher Barlow took up residence in St. John's.

Her greatest feat was collecting 313,999 signatures from loving Newfoundlanders on a "Declaration of Loyalty," which was sent neatly bound and tied with red, white and blue ribbons, to Queen Elizabeth II in 1977 in honor of her Silver Jubilee.

"Many Newfoundlanders signed with tears in their eyes and thanked me for the privilege," says Lady Barlow. She was rewarded for her efforts by a letter from the Queen's private secretary, and a golden Labrador retriever selected from the royal kennels.

In 1979 the Monarchist League succeeded in getting a name change for the Newfoundland police force, now known as the Royal Newfoundland Constabulary. Another project was obtaining the second largest Union Jack in the world. The flag, made in Hong Kong, measures 28 feet by 42 feet and was commissioned in honor of the Prince of Wales' marriage in 1981.

Today Lady Barlow raises golden Labrador retrievers, refuses to accept stamps at the Post Office that don't bear a picture of the Queen and keeps a watchdog eye on disappearing symbols of the monarchy.



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An emotional debate rages

In the Miramichi region of New Brunswick, where four murders were committed last year, capital punishment is a personal issue

by Rick MacLean

The debate over whether or not to bring back capital punishment has raged from the House of Commons to small communities across Canada. One of those communities is the Miramichi region, a collection of small towns and villages about 120 kilometres north of Moncton, N.B. The importance of the debate and the questions surrounding it have been driven home here by a series of four murders committed in five months last year.

The first killing was June 21,1986 when a 66-year-old shopkeeper was beaten and strangled during a robbery at his home near Chatham. Three local men were later convicted of murder in the case. The second murder happened on Aug. 11 when a 13-year-old girl was stabbed to death near her home in Russellville, about 15 km north of Chatham. The third murder was committed on Sept. 21. This time the victim was a 19-year-old single mother; she was beaten to death. A local man later pleaded guilty to both killings.

The fourth murder was on Oct. 14. A 39-year-old taxi driver was found floating in the Miramichi River near downtown Chatham. A local man was charged with murder.

"Nobody knows why it happened here," says Staff Sgt. Ben St.Onge of the RCMP detachment in Newcastle.

He does know that his men are among the busiest of any RCMP detachment in the province. "It's a high crime area in comparison to the rest of the province per capita," he says. And it has been that way for at least the 10 years he has been in New Brunswick.

The 15-officer detachment handled 3,413 files last year; 1,433 were Criminal Code cases, the rest involved everything from drug charges to liquor violations.

Frank McKenna, the MLA for Chatham and the leader of the Liberal Party in New Brunswick, agrees that things have improved. At one time he was one of the busiest criminal lawyers in the area: his most famous case being the acquittal of former boxer Yvon Durelle on a charge of murder.

McKenna opposes the death penalty, but says he understands the frustration of people who feel criminals are getting off lightly. Even people against capital punishment feel criminals must be punished "with all the force that the community can muster," he says. He feels the killings have affected the way people look at capital punishment — prompting some people to want its return. "My gut feeling is that it hardened opinion here," he says.

The mayors of the two towns in the area disagree. "The strong view in favor of capital punishment has always been around this constituency," Chatham Mayor Rupert Bernard says. He opposes the death penalty, but says people want to feel safe and want to feel criminals are being properly punished for what they do. "If they're sentenced to 25 years, they should spend 25 years in prison; and for taking a life there should be a life sentence," he says.

There is a fairly constant level of support for the death penalty everywhere in the country, Newcastle Mayor John McKay says. A murder or series of murders heats that debate up, "but I don't think the people's attitudes change." He favors the return of the death penalty for premeditated murders, the killing of police officers and mass murderers. He says he is frustrated by a justice system which allows killers out of prison after serving part of their sentences.

People are telling him they want to feel safe, says McKay. They're saying, "Just get them away from me, get them away from my children, get them away. Surely to God they can do that much so that we don't have to live under this threat." McKay says he could accept there being no death penalty if the government would ensure that dangerous criminals will not be sent back into the communities they come from.

W. R. (Bud) Jardine has heard those concerns again and again. He's the Conservative MP for the riding, Northumberland-Miramichi, and he has conducted a poll on the death penalty issue and been on a local radio call-in program. He sent a questionnaire to the voters shortly after he was elected in 1984. "I had over 500 replies and between 74 and 76 per cent were in favor," he says. He suspects that percentage has probably gone up since the murders last year.

But Jardine thinks it is wrong to take a life and he will vote against reinstating the death penalty. In an interview with the local community newspaper, the *Miramichi Leader,* Jardine says he gave the subject a great deal of thought, weighing all the arguments. He can't support the death penalty as a deterrent against murder nor can he support it from an economic point of view because a dollar value can't be put on a person's life according to Jardine. He says those who cite the high cost of keeping an inmate sentenced to life imprisonment should be aware of the exorbitant costs of an appeal for anyone sentenced to death which could be well over $1.5 million.

KEN WALLS

Kenneth Esson pled guilty to murder

Jardine also says that statistical evidence available indicates that had capital punishment been on the books, juries would probably have gone for lesser sentences in certain cases, resulting in convicted criminals returning to the streets even earlier. He does support a minimum 25-year sentence for first-degree murder.

The results of Jardine's questionnaire have been confirmed by other, similarly unscientific, polls. The *Miramichi Leader* asked its readers last summer if they favored a return of capital punishment. There were 104 replies and 95 called for the return of the death penalty.

The issue continues to prompt letters to the editor of that newspaper, particularly with the renewed debate in the House of Commons. Perhaps the most poignant of those letters appeared on March 18. It was from Tom R. Kenny, an uncle of Tara Prokosh, the 13-year-old girl murdered in August. Kenny was upset because Kenneth Esson, the man convicted of killing his niece and another woman, can apply for parole in 25 years.

"Please don't attempt to explain this through correspondence or while hiding behind a pile of lawbooks," he wrote. "Come down to a little village called Cove Dell ... meet me in a quiet cemetery behind a little white church ... we can stand in front of a lonely pink stone marked 'Tara Prokosh 1973-1986.' Then, and only then, look me straight in the eye and try to make me understand."

Specializing in salmon flies and tackle pays off for Doak

A family business on the upper Miramichi caters to the fishing fraternity who cast their lines for salmon

by Susan Soucoup

Gone fishin'. That's a sign you'll never see in the window of W. W. Doak and Sons in Doaktown, N.B., even though the business lives for and because of salmon fishing. Jerry Doak never gets to wrap his hand around one of those Sage "Reserve Power" fly rods he sells, nor to enjoy the musical whirr of the line as it sings from a Japanese-made Marrat fly reel.

Simply put, this tiny little retail salmon tackle store on the banks of the mighty Miramichi is becoming famous, so famous all over North America, in fact, that a seven-day work week, year round, would be feasible. If Jerry, and his father before him, Wallace, had not set down a firm family and business tradition of resting on the seventh day, the business could have gone to a seven day work week a few years ago.

"I had a guy from the States stand on my lawn on a Sunday last summer, yelling at me that he had $600 to spend on tackle and knew exactly what he wanted," said Jerry. "He was a little put out with me when I wouldn't open the shop for him."

Back in 1946, when Wallace opened the shop, it was considered a bit of a risky business, so he did a little guiding on the side. Not so now. Jerry Doak employs one man full time, another part time, and up to 12 people custom-tying flies.

The spreading fame and familiarity of W. W. Doak and Sons is attributable partly to their longevity. Mostly, though it is due to their specialized approach.

"So many other places are just dabbling in this business," says Doak. "They'll have a minor selection of things mixed in with tennis racquets and camping gear, and then when fall rolls around, they either put it all on sale or put it in storage so they can bring in the hunting stuff."

The introduction of a mail-order catalogue six years ago was also a major step in raising the business profile among sport fishermen. The bulk of the mail orders come from New England, but Doak and Sons ships tackle all over the continent, to as far away as Hawaii.

"The catalogue has certainly made a big difference in the perceptions of the people who come from a fair distance," says Doak. "We used to find that a lot of people would consider us a kind of convenience store where they'd drop in to pick up a couple of local patterned flies, possibly a leader or two, but felt they would have been wiser to bring most of the major elements of their tackle with them."

SUSAN SOUCOUP

Doak: mail-order customers continent-wide

With the mail-order catalogue, however, the customer knows before he leaves home what is available in the store. They can comparison shop and check prices. Often, they call ahead to have the equipment ready and waiting for them when they arrive for their fishing trip. "They know now, on the basis of our catalogue, that we specialize in the sort of thing they're looking for," says Doak.

Doak says that the spending habits of fishermen, especially those often referred to as "rich Americans," a term he deplores, have changed over recent years. He attributes this to the change in their fishing habits, brought on by the advent of catch-and-release fishing.

Now, he says, more people are interested in experiencing the thrill of salmon fishing. The size of the catch they take home with them is not of prime importance anymore, and that's reflected in the type of tackle they buy.

"It's a gentlemanly sport. The satisfaction is in the process," says Doak.

Doak spends a lot of time advising people on what they need and how much they should spend, sometimes finding himself in the position of recommending that they spend less than they had planned. Often, he says, someone will come in with $500 to spend and select equipment that isn't appropriate. He does his best to guide them toward equipment that is cheaper, but at the same time better suited to their needs.

Meanwhile, he is very encouraged by the potential for growth with the mail-order business. Two weeks after his third catalogue went out last winter, orders began pouring in, as well as requests for the catalogue. Again this year, what should have been a slow winter was a busy one. He says there is a very high ratio of people who send in an order after receiving a catalogue.

With a university background in English and philosophy, the gregarious Doak seems an unlikely candidate to be running a fishing tackle shop. "I certainly considered a number of other lifestyles, a number of other occupations, and I really can't think of anything that would be more gratifying," he says.

He returned to the family business after his father became ill in 1976. "I don't feel I've been trapped into this by any means," he says. "As a matter of fact, if anything I'm extraordinarily fortunate to be in a situation where I simply love my work."

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SCOTTISH HERITAGE

A Gaelic gathering

Scots clans assemble annually to celebrate their heritage, but preserving the language and culture is the life-work of more than one Nova Scotian

by Francis Moran

When the first skirl of bagpipes breaks out over the Metro Centre in Halifax in late June, signalling the start of the Nova Scotia Tattoo and the 1987 International Gathering of the Clans, the strains of music will be reaching out to Scots and people of Scottish descent around the world who take their heritage seriously. So seriously, in fact, that more than 150,000 visitors are expected in the province this summer as part of more than 30 clan gatherings that have been planned.

The Tattoo marks the opening of the ten-year-old international gathering, which has been held in Nova Scotia every fourth year since 1979. Only Edinburgh, Scotland, is guaranteed to be host as often as Nova Scotia, with the event taking place in different countries the other years.

A Scottish festival and Gaelic Mod — a celebration of poetry, song, music and dancing — closes the gathering in early August at St. Ann's, Cape Breton. Through events as diverse as the Tattoo, the highland games and festivals and the Mod, Scottish-Canadians and their compatriots participate in and witness the martial, athletic and cultural manifestations of a heritage that is enjoying a renaissance worldwide.

N.S. TOURISM

The Scottish heritage is rich and strong and its celebration in Nova Scotia reaches back to 1773 when the ship *Hector* sailed into the Northumberland Strait to land 33 families and 25 unmarried men at what is now Pictou. It was the time of the Highland Clearances. Home in Scotland, many of the feudal highland chiefs were forcing their tenant crofters off their land, largely to make room for sheep farming. In some areas, whole communities were emigrated to British North America. Further waves of Scottish settlers followed and the Scots became the third-largest ethnic group in Canada's quiltwork of minorities. In Nova Scotia, they make up about 35 per cent of the population and are part of much of the history of the province. From its very name to the men who were its leaders, Nova Scotia reflects the influence of the Scots.

The regular staging of the international clan gathering in Nova Scotia has led to "a great upsurge in the interest of Nova Scotians in their culture," says to Ed Langille, who manufactures bagpipe bags, sporrans and other highland costume items.

But perhaps no one in the province shows a greater interest in things Scottish than Archie MacKenzie, a sprightly 79-year-old who has spent most of those years adding to his vast knowledge of Scots culture and genealogy. Fluent in Gaelic, MacKenzie is a champion singer and songwriter in two languages, as well

as a playwright, scholar, and infectiously friendly conversationalist.

A recent biographical sketch of MacKenzie that accompanied his updated edition of his father's comprehensive genealogical history of Christmas Island Parish, Cape Breton, describes MacKenzie's flat in a spacious house in south-end Halifax as, "now an essential visiting point for Scots, who are always assured of a Highland welcome."

These days however, his living room floors are cleared of furniture so MacKenzie and his cast can rehearse his play, *The Romance of Morag MacInnis,* a romantic comedy that will be staged in Halifax during the international gathering. But the play is not MacKenzie's only weapon in his relentless crusade to preserve the oral traditions of his culture, and the language — Gaelic. His father, a respected Gaelic scholar even while teaching English in many Cape Breton schools, "never spoke a word of English to us." And MacKenzie, fearful that Gaelic will die out in Nova Scotia and elsewhere in Canada, exhorts parents: "For Heaven's sake, teach your children the language or we'll lose it."

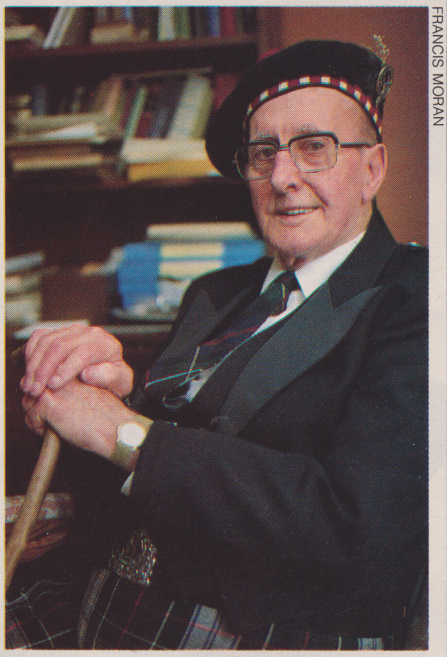
For MacKenzie, the necessity of keeping and using Gaelic is central to the preservation of Scottish culture itself. "I'm sure that there wasn't another race that put so much emphasis on poetry," he says and becomes emphatic as he adds, "It's impossible to translate from Gaelic to English and make it sound the same. It's so easy to express your feelings, and you haven't got that scope in the English language at all."

The job of passing on oral history was so important to the Scots that each family appointed its own *Seanachie,* or tradition bearer. That practice died out before MacKenzie was born or he surely would have the title today. His singing of traditional Gaelic songs — some of his own composition — has made him three-time champion at the annual Ontario Mod. And twice he's been to the annual tradition bearers' conference on the Isle of Skye in the Scottish Hebrides, where his mastery of Gaelic "opens every door."

MacKenzie and other Scots point to the hard lives their ancestors endured, first through generations of inter-clan feuding in Scotland and persecution by the English, and then as settlers in a harsh new land. MacKenzie can trace his own family's arrival in Nova Scotia to 1821, when his grandfather and others settled near the Bras d'Or Lakes in Cape Breton after wintering in Pictou.

From his earliest days, the "old country" had a certain draw on young MacKenzie. "When I was a kid, there was no other place like the old country," he says. "I remember lying on the grass and looking up into the sky and wondering if it looked the same there." He remembers life as hard for his family. "But it seems to me they were laughing all the time," he says.

Other Nova Scotians taking part in this summer's gathering have only lately begun to pursue an interest in their heritage. Eva Thorpe, who is helping to organize the gathering of the Clan Donachie, a five-day family reunion in Halifax in late June and early July, says she only became absorbed in clan activities about a year ago.



FRANCIS MORAN

Archie MacKenzie is a modern-day *Seanachie*

Thorpe says about 200 people are expected at the Clan Donachie gathering, about 75 of them coming from the United States, and a few will be here from the United Kingdom. "And we may have one family coming from Australia," she says. The gathering is the culmination of contacts made through clan societies around the world and Thorpe says the Clan Donachie has an agenda that will ensure for visitors a good week spent in "a simulated Scotland."

The attraction for Thorpe is partly social and partly a growing appeciation of her Scottish heritage. "One of the things that I think is appealing about a clan gathering is the chance to get to know the local people in a community," she says. Some of Clan Donachie's visitors this summer will use the gathering as "an anchor" for a longer visit to the province. "And there's also an interest in going back to Scottish roots, looking up a village where your roots started."

While Nova Scotia is the birthplace of the Scots in North America, Scottish heritage is being increasingly enjoyed throughout Canada and in the United States, as well as in Australia and New Zealand, says bagpipe-maker Ed Langille. And he should know. His highland outfitters in Londonderry, near Truro, has customers in all those countries. "We've had some of our products go up the Amazon River and into the interior of Brazil," Langille says.

His shop, where seven people work with fur and leather for bagpipe bags and other accessories of traditional Scottish dress, has even outfitted a prison pipe band in Papua New Guinea. "We have a worldwide reputation for quality and we live in a little village of less than 200 people in the Cobequid Mountains of Nova Scotia," he says.

Langille and his workers are waiting to hear from the *Guinness Book of World Records* about a bagpipe bag they recently made for a customer in Seattle, Wash. At more than 12 feet long and the standard 10 inches deep, the bag needs six sets of pipes and six pairs of healthy lungs to play it — all at the same time. The bag, which Langille is hoping is a world record, will be used to train pipers with their timing, a crucial element in a marching pipe band.

Langille started making equipment because his own pipe band in St. Catherines, Ont., couldn't afford to buy any. Before long, the hobby was taking as much time as his "really boring job" in a car assembly plant. "So I turned my hobby into my business," he says, and he moved to Nova Scotia in 1971 to set up a manufacturing plant.

First he had to teach himself and then he trained all his workers. The small operation supplies about 150 stores in Canada and the United States, and "numerous pipe bands that deal with us directly."

Langille says, "The little town of Londonderry, which was a steel town at the turn of the century, is now known for its bagpipe bags." Increased interest by Scottish people in their heritage has substantially boosted the plant's production in recent years. "A lot of people I'd never seen in Scottish dress are now wearing it," he says.

That upsurge in interest in things Scottish is a comfort to serious scholars of the culture like Archie MacKenzie. His daughter, Marion Rothe, has inherited her father's interest in preserving their common heritage. As well as researching and writing about the family genealogy, Rothe plays Morag, the title role in her father's play, *The Romance of Morag MacInnis.* Morag is a young woman planning the sin of marrying an Englishman, much against the strong wishes of her father, played by MacKenzie himself.

"Will our culture and language die out?" MacKenzie asks. "Well, it's been going on, of course, for hundreds of years," he adds. And with events like the international gathering to renew and strengthen cultural links, the influence of Scottish people will remain as strong and stirring as the sound of "a good air well played."

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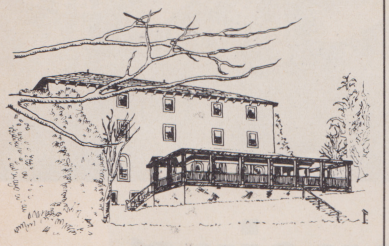

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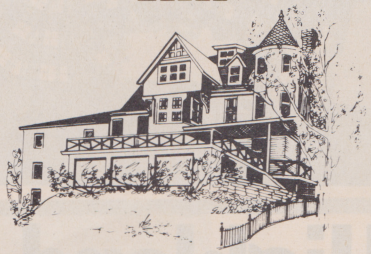

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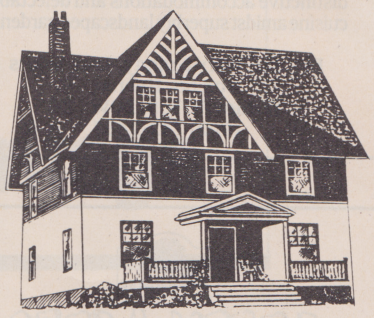

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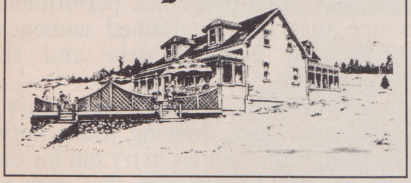

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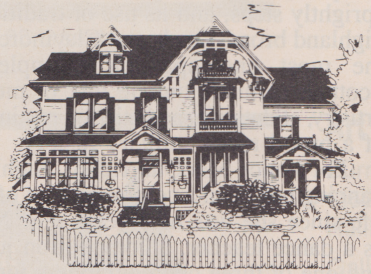

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FRANCIS MORAN

Highland dancing

Nova Scotia dancers are reaching new competitive heights with the ancient, colorful Celtic art form

by Francis Moran

In one room in the basement of a new, grey house in Antigonish, N.S., more than 60 trophies adorn a low ledge that surrounds the room. The trophies, all belonging to Arisaig native Janice MacQuarrie, are both testimonies to her success as a competitive highland dancer for 15 years and a source of inspiration for the young students she teaches in the basement studio of her home.

For many Scots and Canadians of Scottish descent, highland dancing, with its lively bagpipe and fiddle music accompaniment, colorful costumes and sprightly steps, and its use of traditional highland broadswords and Claymores, is the most encompassing example of Scottish culture's unique mix of music, artistry, athleticism and stirring reminders of a proud race's military history.

For Janice MacQuarrie, 31, highland dancing has been a central pursuit of her life since she was nine years old. Now, as a dance teacher, a competition judge and one of three choreographers for the province's leading highland dancing troupe, the Scotia Highland Dancers, the ancient Celtic art form has genuinely become her contemporary profession.

She has more than a hundred students who come each week to her home in Antigonish or to a studio in New Glasgow. Another teacher in Antigonish works with about 75 students a week.

"Within the last ten years, the standard of highland dancing in Nova Scotia has drastically improved," says MacQuarrie. Three members of the Scotia Highland Dancers, a performance group much in demand during the International Gathering of the Clans, at the Nova Scotia Tattoo and throughout the summer "season," have recently placed in the world championship competition held each year in Scotland.

Competition, particularly at national and international levels, is responsible for much of the success of Nova Scotia dancers, MacQuarrie says. "I think that the greatest improvement comes with the dancers travelling to see the standard of dancing in Scotland and in the United States. They have to see what they're up against before they can work towards a higher level."

One of the higher levels Nova Scotian dancers seek is membership in the Scotia Highland Dancers. MacQuarrie and the two other choreographers — Kim Dickson and Gerarda MacPherson — have developed this crack performance troupe that has entertained audiences throughout Nova Scotia and the Maritimes.

Auditions are very competitive, MacQuarrie says, drawing young hopefuls from four counties to try out for one of only a handful of spots that open up each year. The existence of a performance company of dancers offers a less frenetic alternative to the pressures of a tournament. "This gives them a chance to dance as a group without competition," says MacQuarrie.

With Nova Scotia "definitely a threat now" in the competitive highland dancing scene, the art form can only flourish in the province. Talking about highland dancing's growing popularity, MacQuarrie says, "It's very colorful and we've got very lively music and colorful costumes. And it's very enjoyable for the audience."

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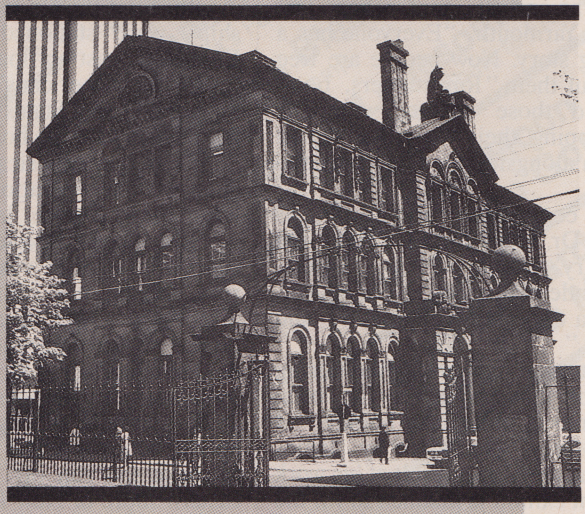

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Nova Scotia ART GALLERY OF NOVA SCOTIA

FRED HATFIELD

A present-day rumrunning race at Yarmouth's summer festival pales in comparison to real events of the era it commemorates

Tales of rumrunning days

The silence surrounding the region's rumrunning activities of the 1920s has been broken. Stories have to be told and recorded before those involved are gone

by Belle Hatfield

From across the harbor the dories glide. The rhythmic grind of oars is the only indication of their presence, until finally, the mist parts to give those on shore their first glimpse of the rumrunners. A few cheers erupt as the crews, their boats loaded with rum kegs approach the wharf. Over the side and up the vertical wharf wall the rum kegs are hoisted, crew members scrambling after them. They're on the final leg of their journey and the cheers become a steady roar as they sprint with the kegs towards their goal.

These scenes take place in the 1980s, not the '20s, and are played out annually in Yarmouth, N.S., during the town's summer festival. The rumrunning race is the most popular event held during Seafest but it pales to insignificance beside the exciting slice of Maritime history which it commemorates.

No other time in Atlantic Canadian history has been the subject of more folklore, more speculation or more controversy. For many years after the end of that era, a web of silence enshrouded the activities of those involved in the illicit sale and distribution of liquor both to the United States and here at home. Those involved were silenced by the fear of prosecution and those not involved, often by shame or complicity.

Suddenly in the 1980s, the realization that an important part of living history was inevitably dying, created a surge of interest in rumrunning and those involved in the business.

Elizabeth Ross, executive director of the Federation of Nova Scotia Heritage, says it was the heightened awareness of the rumrunning era that made rum and its effects on Atlantic Canadian history a particularly inviting topic for the Federation's annual conference last October in Yarmouth. "Everyone has a rumrunning story. Now people are free to talk about them." Rumrunners, bootleggers and those charged with the job of stopping their activities shared the podium alongside the historians and academics.

"Some conferences are as dry as dust," said Dr. Cyril Byrne, a folklorist at St. Mary's University in Halifax. "These gentlemen added a real flavor, providing a link between history and the present."

The historical data uncovered during research for the conference has been gathered into a reference booklet, *A Burning Mercy,* compiled by James Moreira, and as a direct result of his work a permanent exhibit is planned to fill the Temperance Hall at Nova Scotia's Sherbrooke Village museum. The exhibit will be installed during the summer months and its moveable aspects are to be incorporated into a travelling show for the off-season.

Materials from four Nova Scotia museums make up the exhibit, and it also includes a treasure trove of historic papers given to the Yarmouth County Museum from the estate of Jack Baker. He was a former ship's agent for rumrunners who later became high sheriff of Yarmouth County, and one of several ships' agents used by the American syndicates to purchase and outfit rumrunning boats.

Papers contained in Baker's collection are considered by some to be the most extensive archival material available on the subject in Atlantic Canada. They provide a fascinating look at how business was conducted during the rumrunning years.

And it was a big business. Within months after the United States went dry, ships were stationed near the New England coast offloading alcohol to satisfy the Americans' thirst for liquor. Soon the United States government made life a misery for the boats on "rum-row."

Then the American buyers had to change their operations. For a while, large cargo vessels laid off the shore of Nova Scotia in international waters, supplying smaller vessels who ran the rum ashore, but soon the Americans discovered a wet haven in a continent gone dry. Activities moved to waters off the French island of St. Pierre, near Newfoundland's south coast.

From there it was loaded on two-masted schooners and other cargo ships to make the run off Nova Scotia, the eastern shore of New Brunswick, P.E.I. and especially the eastern seaboard of the U.S.

Despite the efforts of both American

and Canadian law enforcers to stop the illicit traffic, seizures, arrests and trials had little effect. Folklorist Byrne says the lesson to be learned from the "great experiment" is that people in a democratic country can't be forced not to do something they want to do. "We just aren't built that way," he says.

The temperance movement packed a lot of clout, but historians say prohibition was never really popular with the people. Although it was the responsibility of the preventive service and later the RCMP to enforce prohibition laws, they had little help from the community.

Time and again, seemingly airtight cases would get thrown out of court. There's a story of Laurie Spears of Truro, N.S. The former rumrunner and bootlegger has a scrapbook filled with accounts of law suits charging him with various liquor-related crimes. He usually got off, but the courts made one case stick and he was ordered to do time in the county jail. Today, Spears laughs at the memory of being scurried back to jail by the sheriff when news arrived that a jail inspector was expected. Spears says that the only time he spent a night in jail was during inspections.

Call it bribery or a secret sympathy to the cause, there were many cases of the courts and the people providing protection for rumrunners.

However most Atlantic Canadians were well aware of the economic salvation rumrunning represented for the region. After the First World War, the region was in the economic doldrums. The fishery had gone sour, agriculture was not booming and the lumber industry was in serious decline. Into the depressed economy came the rumrunners with their orders for food, gear and boats.

Merchants, shipbuilders and ships' agents all benefited from the rumrunning trade, but it was the ordinary guy in need of a job who took the risks. Rumrunning was the employer of last resort during the 1920s.

Sitting in the sunny porch of his Yarmouth home, Ed Morrison, 78, remembers the risks and the fear. He was a ship's radio operator working for Marconi who found himself out of a job in 1928 when the company discovered it could hire English seamen more cheaply. Back home in Nova Scotia, there was no work. Against his better judgement, but desperate for work, Morrison signed on with a rumrunning outfit in Yarmouth, taking the place of a friend who had hurt his arm.

"I didn't want to go rumrunning," he says. "I was used to great big steamers. I looked at that little boat and feared for my life."

The lure of money and steady employment overrode his concerns and Morrison went on to spend the next eight years on a succession of ships. As a wireless operator it was his job to make contact with radio operators on shore. He also had to outwit the intelligence-gathering capabilities of the United States Coast Guard.

For the most part he succeeded. Although a few rounds of machine-gun fire were aimed in his direction, his only brush with the law came while he was in Cuba. His ship, the *Reo II*, was held for three months over a customs matter.

Morrison is a veteran of the Canadian Coast Guard where he worked from 1938 until his retirement. He says he never felt a moment of shame about his years as a rumrunner. He's read several of the growing stack of books chronicling rumrunning. "It was once a subject you didn't talk about, except among friends," he says. "Now everyone wants to know what it was like." And with a 12,000-word manuscript that continues to grow, Morrison says he might as well join the crowd of others who've put stories in print.

Is he worried about what people will think? "I never have been," he says. "Why would I be? We weren't rumrunners because that's what we wanted to do. We were rumrunners because we wanted to eat."

Morrison says he's writing the book because as more of those who were in the trade die, the urgency to record the past increases. "How many of us are left?" he asks. "The story's got to be told while we're still here to tell it. Otherwise it will be gone when we are."

JAMES WILSON

History lives

A group of volunteers re-enacts 18th-century life in Saint John. But DeLancey's Brigade is more than a ceremonial artillery unit

by Michael Prini

To no one's surprise, the city of Saint John is steeped in history. From the Victorian architecture to statues marking the landing of Samuel de Champlain, it's obvious that this city was instrumental in giving Canada its start. But let's not forget the people who helped build the port city out of rugged timberland more than two centuries ago. The Loyalists certainly played a role; so too did DeLancey's Brigade.

The American Revolution started to boil in the colonies in 1775, and that same year, Sir Oliver DeLancey, a wealthy New York merchant and landowner, was given permission to form a regiment, to which he gave his own name. By August 1776 his group numbered 1,400 and served duty between the militia and British army regulars.

After the Battle of Yorktown in 1781, effectively the last major battle in the American Revolution, the 50 or so regiments were disbanded, DeLancey's Brigade among them. They then split into three battalions: two were sent to the southern campaign in Georgia and the Carolinas, the third stayed in New York for two more years. In 1783, they also left, with some going to the Caribbean and others to Saint John. The Brigade, 2,000 to 3,000 members strong, landed in May of 1783, where they not only founded the city of Saint John, but the legacy which exists to this day.

A historical lull of almost 200 years passed before a committee organizing Loyalist Days came up with an idea to reunite the Brigade in a ceremonial form. In 1981, thinking in terms of the planned bicentennial celebrations for the province of New Brunswick and the city of Saint John, the Loyalist Days committee decided that DeLancey's Brigade would make a fine addition to their week-long festivities in July.

With re-enactor groups firmly established in the U.S., research began on the proper code of conduct and costumes for the half-dozen members. Some of the American members visited Saint John, and Peter Gillies, now brigadier-general of DeLancey's Brigade, was bitten by the historical bug. "I got talking to one of the guys from the States, a corporal from the third battalion," says Gillies, "and he discovered that I had some military and Loyalist ancestors." On a later visit to a U.S. encampment, Gillies was presented with the King's Shilling (or coin), meaning he was ceremoniously drafted. He never looked back.

Now, in 1987, he says, "We've created a group that's just not ceremonial anymore. We live, breathe and sometimes die 18th century." Gillies adds that DeLancey's Brigade has grown to the point where it now has its own administrative structure, apart from Loyalist Days. That organization however, still provides the Brigade with the bulk of its annual funding, about $4,000. The rest of the money needed to run the regiment comes from honorariums for encampments, parades and other interesting programs in which they've become involved.

The group increased its numbers from the original six members to 35, and is for the most part able to support itself. Last year the Labatt Brewing company donated $5,000 for a new cannon. Other money the brigade raises is used on uniforms, cookware and musical instruments. But the hobby can become an expensive one. A uniform runs upwards of $800, the buttons alone costing $100 as in many cases they are individually made out of pewter.

As membership has grown, so has

interest in other areas of 18th-century life, aside from the artillery group. A surgeon studies how amputations were performed on the battlefields; a teenage girl does research on period makeup. As in the past, there are still three major divisions of DeLancey's Brigade: infantry and artillery, musicians and camp followers. Intensive training on how to clean muskets takes place monthly in the basement of Trinity Church in Saint John, as does practice of 18th-century dance. The fife and drum corps meets weekly, and the leader is well accustomed to playing the music by ear.

One of the most satisfying activities for members of DeLancey's Brigade is the chance to get out into the woods and rough it, much the way their forebears lived. There are six major encampments during the year, some of which pay honorariums. Others, such as the one during Loyalist Days, do not. During that third week in July, the brigade is camped out in full gear, allowing visitors a unique glimpse into the past.

"You get a taste of it," says Daphne Nicolle, executive director of Loyalist Days, who happens to be a camp follower. "You're trying to wash the dishes, and the only way you can heat water is on the fire. And from the time you get the water from the fire into the pot and all the dishes in, it's stone cold again."

Despite such drawbacks Nicolle looks forward to the encampments, saying that one really gets a feeling for the more primitive way of life. Just as leaping back 200 years on a Friday afternoon is hard, the adjustments are equally difficult on the following Monday morning. "I put on a skirt and a top," says Nicolle, "and as I was doing something, I grabbed my skirt and started wiping my hands on it and my husband said, 'What are you doing?'"

There's no need to wonder if other parts of the country should start their own versions of the Brigade. There are several groups in the Prescott area of Ontario, and in Toronto. As well, DeLancey's Brigade was instrumental in starting a branch in Stewiacke, N.S. And there isn't a weekend from May to September in the U.S. without a re-enactment of some sort of battle or encampment to attend.

While DeLancey's Brigade in Saint John will continue to be a major part of the Loyalist Days celebrations, it will also carry out its own projects, such as "Arrest a Pest." Someone pays the Brigade a fee to have a friend or foe arrested and detained; a few bucks more and you can have that person "shot."

But what does DeLancey's Brigade really have in mind? Says Sgt. Peter Gillies, "We'd like to see 600 troops on a battlefield and let people hear and see what an 18th-century battle looked like." Until then, the men and women of DeLancey's Brigade will continue to research and live the part, providing an invaluable insight into the past for native Saint Johners and tourists alike.

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Looking for Lucy Maud

Visitors to P.E.I. still seek out "Anne" instead of L.M. Montgomery. The author's Island supporters think she should be the centre of curiosity

by Kathy Large

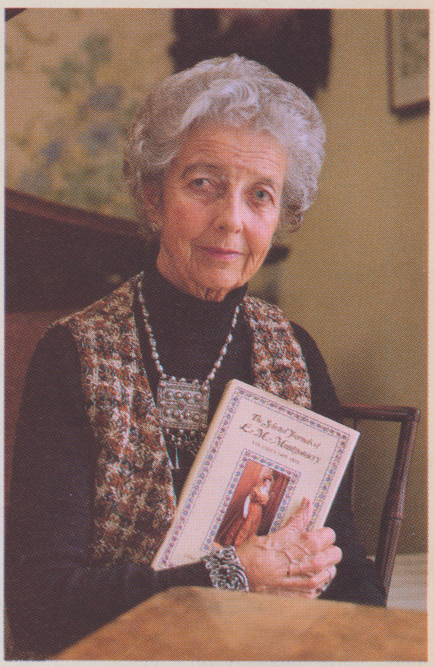
I guess I was about eight years old when I realized that my middle name Anne was spelled with an "e" for a special reason. I remember my sister, who was ten years older, claiming that she, and not my mother or father had picked the name. And the most important part of the conversation was that she had chosen it in honor of Miss Anne Shirley because she had been reading *Anne of Green Gables* at the time.

Surely hundreds of little sisters are named Anne under similar circumstances, because Anne is that type of character. Lucy Maud Montgomery's heroine grabs you by the soul and won't let go. But Montgomery's creation is something of a downfall too, because many people don't differentiate between the two.

"She wasn't Anne," says Dr. Francis Bolger, a historian who teaches at the University of Prince Edward Island. "She really resisted and somewhat resented the attempts made to identify her with Anne."

In fact, people who remember Montgomery paint quite a different picture of her than the storybook Anne. Helen MacDonald, a distant cousin of Montgomery's recalls as a schoolgirl the anticipation at Prince Street school in Charlottetown when they found out that the author was coming to address an assembly.

"We were expecting Anne to come dancing in with pigtails flying," says MacDonald. "The two just weren't interchangeable. A very dignifed woman arrived, wearing a hat that I can still remember. It was a disappointment for a minute, but once she began talking, she was interesting and quite charming."



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MacDonald: "She is our sense of identity..."

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on file at the provincial archives. "Many of these people felt she was too impressed with herself," says MacDonald. "I can remember the phrase 'Maud gives herself airs.' People who didn't know her might have that impression. But people who knew her didn't feel that. She was a very complex personality — a maverick who had been brought up in a strict home. The people I talked to felt her writing was an outlet for her.

"The day she spoke at my school I remember how she talked about her love of the Island countryside. When you grow up in a place, you tend to take it for granted, so it struck me that day how much she noticed about our Island."

In the same vein, Montgomery herself doesn't get the appreciation at home that her supporters feel she should. "She really is our greatest ambassador," says MacDonald. "She is our sense of identity, in one person. I've been abroad and drawn a blank when I said I was a Canadian, only to mention Lucy Maud and the Island and saw the light of recognition come on."

Is it just as MacDonald believes, that a "prophet is without honor in his own country," or can it be blamed on neglect? Active in Island education circles for decades, she once petitioned the school board to have Montgomery's books put on the required reading list, without any success.

Francis Bolger is more pointed in his comments. "People do not know the story well here," he says. "They've seen the stage production or the television series. But that's not enough, and they know very little about Montgomery herself. Portraying her and her stories as one of the best attractions of the Island, and then living in ignorance of the woman and her work...well, there is no other way to describe it except as a disgrace.

"I ask a lot of students in their senior year of university about her and it's shocking how few have anything to say, and these are Islanders! She should be well known in our schools," Bolger adds. "She isn't required reading in regular school and she might get a lecture in Canadian literature courses at university."

Next year will be the 80th anniversary of the publication of *Anne of Green Gables* — a record that proves its enduring worth as a piece of literature.

"Montgomery gives you a good story with a good moral, that's what is at the heart of her success," says Bolger. "You need to remember, also, what she set out to do. She wasn't ambitious to write serious novels, but to please an audience she described as juvenile. And she is generally accepted with considerable acclaim by most reputable scholars in the literary world."

Bolger also judges her success by her acceptance. "The English read more widely and more critically than Canadians. So I was pleased to find that next to Kenneth Graham, she ranks second in many of the best British bookstores. You can judge her by her audience, and she still has one."

When people come to Prince Edward Island, they seem to naturally look for Anne, no matter how clearly they may understand that she is fictional character. And so the Island's attractions have played up to that vulnerability. It is one reason why Lucy Maud Montgomery isn't the centre of curiosity for the thousands of tourists who travel to Cavendish each summer.

Island tourist officials have been coping with this problem as best they can. Travel counsellors are instructed: "Our problem basically is to distinguish between the myth accepted by the public and the facts as presented to us by literary research. Placed more bluntly, people in general find the real truth hard to accept."

And this problem is most common at the National Park in Cavendish where there's a replica of Green Gables. The house had been owned by two elderly cousins, David and Margaret MacNeill, who may have been the inspiration for the characters of Matthew and Marilla Cuthbert. Some of Montgomery's favorite childhood haunts like Lover's Lane really existed on the property. But the house itself is just a typical farm home of the time. There are some treasures there including her typewriter and handwritten script of the inspired song, *Island Hymn.*

Finding Lucy Maud Montgomery's roots requires an adventurous spirit. The house she grew up in no longer stands. But Bolger insists that visitors still should go to Cavendish. "Seek out her grave in the Cavendish cemetery," he says. "She wanted to be there and there's a small memorial to see. And go for a walk on Cavendish beach. That's the kind of place where she got her inspiration."

There are two other locations that are intimately associated with her family other than Cavendish. She was born in New London, just a few miles away. The house is now a literary museum and contains some personal items including her wedding dress. Her stay in the house was brief; she moved when she was a toddler after her mother took ill and died.

The other source of memorabilia is at nearby Park Corner, a beautiful community which looks out to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Montgomery came here to the Campbell's house to visit her cousins. Part of the house is opened every summer to interested visitors. This is the location of the real Lake of Shining Waters, and not far away is a beach called Cousin's Shore that rates with the Island's best.

However, one more suggestion to help find Montgomery's literary heritage is to go back and read her works — there are 20 novels, many of which describe Prince Edward Island's natural beauty in words that have been unmatched since she put pen to paper.

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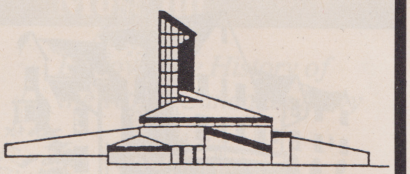

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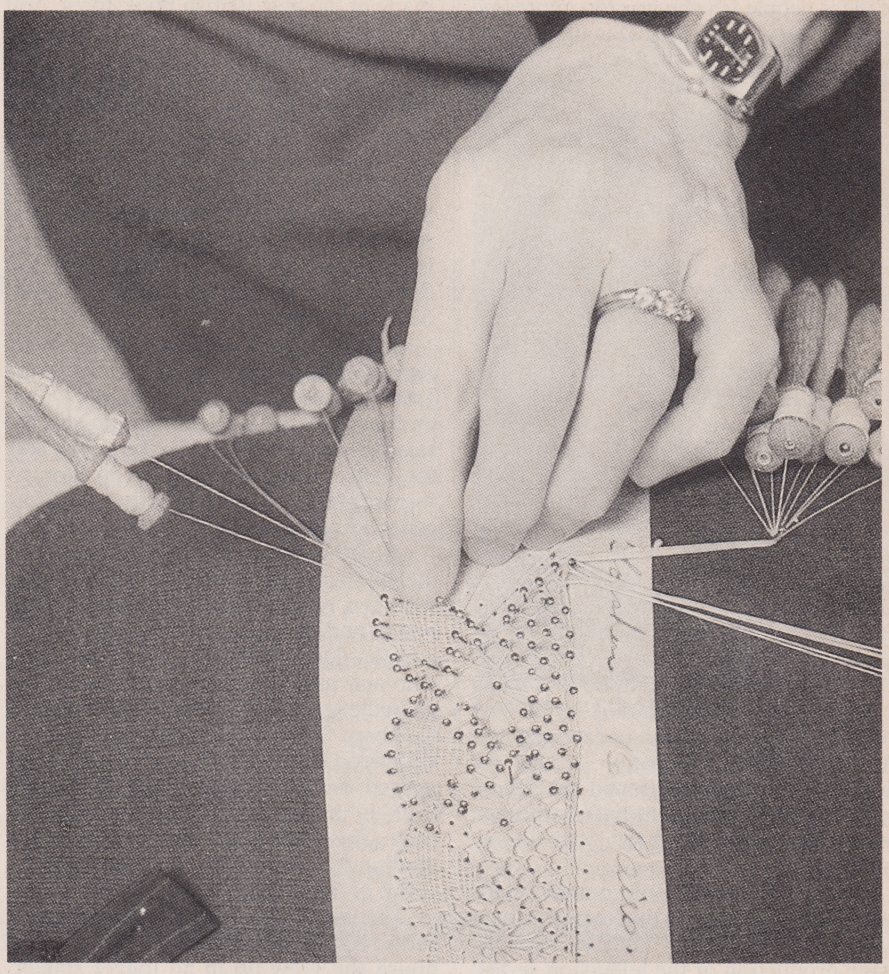


CHRISTINA BAIRD

Bobbin lace is made on a pillow with pins holding the threads in a complex design

Newfoundland lace

The heritage craft of lace-making is experiencing a revival in the province. One of its less-delicate forms is fish-netting

by Lana Hickey

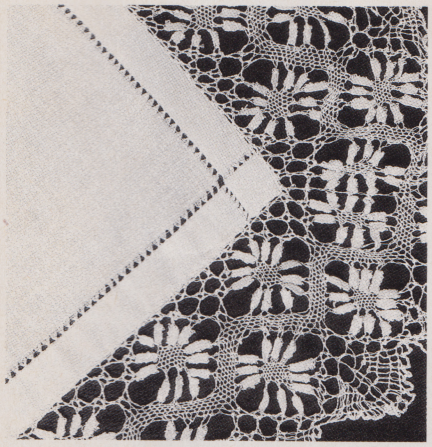
Lace is a part of many everyday things — tablecloths, pillow cases, dresses, blouses and lingerie. Although we recognize these modern forms of lace, we probably don't realize the heritage of lace-making and its origins which date back to the 1600s.

Christina Baird is an expert in traditional lace-making and has been collecting lace samples over the years. She now has quite a varied collection and some pieces are very old. Baird is a home economist who was born in Scotland but moved to St. John's in 1968 with her husband.

She's been teaching home economics in a local high school and craft school and now will pass on her knowledge of bobbin lace-making in a summer craft workshop called "Atlantic Ties." During the five-day sessions of workshops and open studios the bonds between various crafts in Newfoundland and Great Britain will be explored.

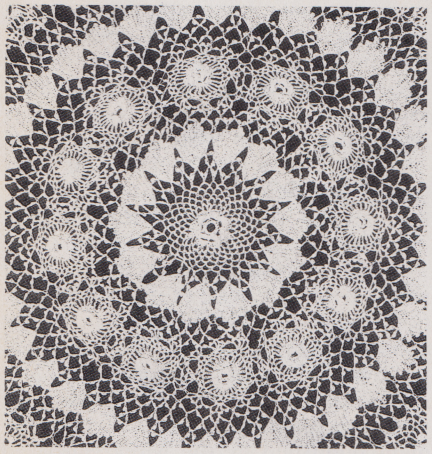
As a young girl, Baird was taught bobbin lace-making by Mary Stewart, who was a great proponent of lace-making. Stewart had even demonstrated the craft to Queen Elizabeth II at various agricultural shows.

Bobbin lace is made on a pillow using bobbins of linen or cotton threads. By crossing and twisting the bobbins, the threads form a delicate lace. Pins are used to hold the threads in a design, which was traditionally pricked out on parchment paper, but now stiff cardboard is used. Twelve bobbins will make a simple lace edging, but as the number of bobbins increases, the more complex the lace pattern becomes. Present-day bobbins are



MANNIE BUCHHEIT

Baird has a collection of early lace samples



Crochet is another form of lace-making

made of wood but Baird has a collection of decorative bobbins that are 200 years old and made of bone.

Pillow lace was introduced in Great Britain in the mid-1600s by people fleeing France, Holland and Belgium. Many settled in south and east Devon and taught their craft to fishermen's wives and daughters who sold the lace to supplement the family income. Lace schools were started and the craft reached its peak in popularity in the 18th century.

Lace-making in Newfoundland is thought to have arrived with the settlers from the West Country of England. Fishnetting is also a form of the craft, and while no early Newfoundland lace samples have been found, Christina Baird hopes Newfoundlanders will pick up bobbin lace-making and bring it back into vogue.

Baird says bobbin lace-making is very intricate. "It's a time-consuming, patterned art form but very interesting and satisfying." A finished piece can be costly to buy because it takes two weeks of steady work to make just one small collar.

There are many forms of lace — crochet, point lace, tatting, embroidery, knitted and netted lace. But bobbin lace certainly has the most interesting history and while it's not practised now as much as it was at the turn of the century, Baird says there has been a resurgence in the craft over the last 20 years.

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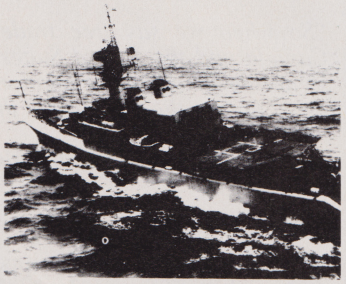

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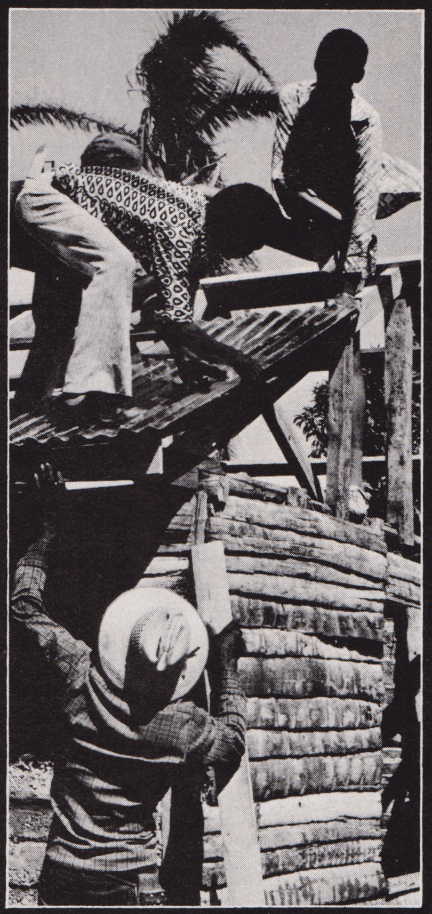

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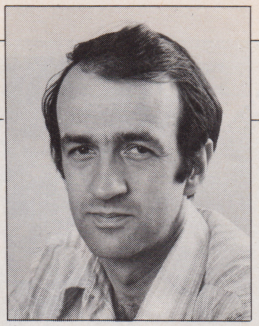

Free trade is our Star Wars

"So when we say free trade between Canada and the United States, I would mean the same sort of relationship that exists among the 50 states in the union."

— U.S. Senator Spark Matsunaga, April 1987

Statements like that capped off the sinking of free trade, or reciprocity, in 1911 and a couple of times in the 19th century. It should happen again.

The free trade initiative now in play is about economics only in the immediate sense. The substance of it is about our integrity as a nation, or lack thereof.

A negotiated agreement is due out any time now, to meet a September deadline set by the U.S. Congress. After that, according to the scenario, the task will be to persuade the Congress to accept the package. In other words, even before the game is out in the open the government of Canada is in the humiliating position of preparing to beseech a foreign law-making body to legislate our future.

Members of the Congress are highly protectionist at the moment and will be resistant and skeptical at first blush. Their hesitation will likely be broken down, however, by appealing to their imperialism. Arguments will be made, either subtly or overtly, that despite possible short-term disadvantages for the U.S. the passage of a free trade pact is the beginning of the annexation of Canada. Those arguments won't be wrong, if the agreement now being negotiated contains anything to justify the words "free trade."

One thing should be understood about free trade: there's no reason for it, no logic in the economic or historical situation at the moment that requires it to be at issue. Tariffs have been dropping multilaterally since the 1930s and would continue to do so under the GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) arrangement until they were reduced to very little on most goods by the late 1990s. This is a slow evolution, however, with none of the implications of free trade with the U.S.

The reason we're talking about free trade is primarily because Brian Mulroney was the president of an American branch plant — Iron Ore of Canada Ltd. — and his political and economic vision is a continentalist one in which the realities are governed from U.S. headquarters.

The nature of his alliances confirms this. A lobby group of American multinationals, led by the credit card company American Express, is gearing up to raise support for free trade among the American public and in Congress. It's through this connection congressmen will learn that giving American multinationals the freedom to romp through Canada at will is more important than protecting a steel mill or a lumber industry in their backyards.

On the Canadian side the equation is completed by the Canadian Council on Business Issues, a powerful big business lobby dominated by the American multinationals — the biggest supporter of free trade in the country outside of the Conservative Party.

Free trade is essentially a political arrangement. For Canada it would mean a slow transformation of our institutions to conform to more dominant American ones. It would lead to more essential decisions being taken in the U.S. over our affairs and to a weakening of the internal cohesion of the country. Jacques Parizeau, the former Quebec finance minister, put some spice into this last point recently when he said that free trade would be a boon to Quebec separatism. Essentially, Quebec would trade directly with the U.S. Political independence for Quebec from Canada would follow from that.

Free or freer trade would change trade patterns from east-west to north-south. What effect would this have on Canada's regions, in particular the Atlantic Provinces?

When the free trade initiative was announced a couple of years ago, Premier John Buchanan, a romantic nostalgist with an eye ever open for an election issue, declared that free trade would bring back the golden age of Maritime trade with New England. Others said it too. And in fact this cobwebbed view has been around for a long time.

They're not saying it any more, as some potent voices have dissented. One of these voices belongs to F. Thomas Stanfield, nephew of former Conservative leader Robert Stanfield and president of Stanfield's Ltd. of Truro N.S. The textile industry is a particularly vulnerable sector and his firm did cost analyses of its chances under free trade. They weren't good.

The Americans, Stanfield wrote in an article in the Halifax *Chronicle-Herald* last Dec. 4 (the best piece of writing I've seen anywhere on the subject), have better access to our markets than we to theirs. Any possible advantage his firm might gain under free trade would be wiped out if the dollar rose to 76 cents American, he estimated. His firm would make a valiant effort to stay put and serve its community if free trade came, he said, but the greater likelihood was that it would end up being simply a distributor for goods made elsewhere, with a corresponding loss in jobs.

"The first point about free or freer trade," Stanfield wrote, is that "we are the ones that, if we are in error, will have the problem, not the Americans."

This is not to say that there would necessarily be general economic devastation. But nor would the gains, if any, be considerable. The economists aren't sure what would happen. In a book called *Still Living Together*, a collection of articles by various economists on regional development published by the Montreal-based Institute for Research on Public Policy, the rather obscure conclusion seems to be that there would be some marginal economic gain for Canada as a whole under free trade, including the regions.

These "regions," however, are mainly Quebec outside of Montreal, Ontario outside of Toronto, and British Columbia. The rest are on their own. Ominously, economist William Watson of McGill University, writing on the regional impact of free trade, warns the federal government not to make "special regional concessions" in order to strike a deal — since that would neutralize the hypothetical benefits. In other words, if Atlantic Canada must sink for the good of the whole, let it.

Far from promising a golden age for either Atlantic Canada or Canada as a whole, the prospect of free trade raises only troubling questions. At worst it's an assault on the political integrity of the country by the forces of multinational economics; at best it can only bring much turbulence and travail for questionable gain.

Free trade is the Canadian equivalent of Star Wars: a big lie, a weak-minded leader's substitute for political and moral vision. It must be relegated to the trashcan of history, from where Brian Mulroney fished it out in the first place.

Ed. Note: *Ray Guy's column is not available this month.*

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